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THE LAST OF THE GUILLOTINE.

'The "widow" is about to leave us,' is the cry around La Roquette. Aye, the 'widow' will in future do her deadly work in the Saint-Jacques district. Long has she queened it at La Roquette and many a doughty knight has fallen a victim to her kisses, but now her time has come, and those Parisians to whom she was a familiar sight will have to seek her elsewhere. The La Santé Prison is to be used for the reception of criminals condemned to penal servitude and death, and outside of it the guillotine is to be erected.

Not of warm flesh and blood is this 'widow,' but of cold iron and steel. The guillotine is this 'widow,' and she is called so presumably because she has taken the life out of many a woman's spouse. A facetious title it is, and reminds one of that old English instrument of torture which for centuries was known as the 'maiden.'

Well does the 'widow' know the Saint Jacques district, for she worked there some years ago, and must remember what great crowds came to see the severed heads drop into her basket. The new home of the 'widow' will be in that part of that district which, as though in cruel irony, bears the name of 'Good Health,' and the prison there will hold fast those who are condemned to death. Close by is the barrier of Hell, and

this name, too, seems to have been predestined and designed as a menace from heaven to the criminals awaiting punishment.

Now, it cannot be denied that most of the residents near La Roquette are delighted to hear that their unsavoury neighbour is about to leave them. Somehow her presence cast a gloom at times over that quarter of Paris, and presumably at times also affected the price of property. There is not one so evil, however, who has not some friends, and there are some who are sincerely sorry that the 'widow' is about to take her departure. These mournful ones are the shopkeepers of La Roquette. Executions were a bonanza to them, and they naturally grieve at the loss of the goose that laid such golden eggs.

SOME FAMOUS EXECUTIONS.

A man in Paris who is condemned to death by the guillotine becomes from that moment an object of public curiosity. It is not alone his death that whets this curiosity, but also all the other stirring incidents that are wont to occur at the place of execution. On the day fixed for his death the whole city is alert. The news runs through Paris like a train of powder. Then, from all sides, come groups of persons, loafers and brazen women, who have probably come to see an old comrade die; amateurs, who are curious to see how a fellow being will bear himself when he is about to leave this world; honest folks, who are anxious to learn just how the 'widow' does her irreparable work, and *blasé* men of the world, who go there as careless and as unconcerned as though they were going to a first night's performance at the opera house.

Of course, many take all this trouble for nothing. After waiting for several hours they sometimes see no more than the backs of the gendarmes or the horses of the municipal guards. The police are very strict and do their utmost to see that the executions shall only be witnessed by certain privileged persons. With certain rare exceptions journalists are the only persons who have a right to come near the 'widow' when she is about to perform her duty. Other persons, then, who are resolved to see a man die have only one resource—they must hire a window.

Such windows are for hire in the Rue Servan, Rue Saint-Maur, Rue Merlin, and all the streets adjacent to the Place de la Roquette, and the prices range from 20 to 200 francs, according to the importance of the person about to be executed or the worldly means of the client. A tavern-keeper on the Rue Merlin, whose house is admirably adapted for the purpose of witnessing an execution from beginning to end, makes an interesting statement on this subject:—

'The best (sic) executions,' he says naively, 'were those of Pranzini, Prado, Eyraud, Berland, and Doré. And yet I almost lost money on Berland and Doré, thanks to the infernal railroad accident that took place at Saint Maude. You see, it happened this way: A lot of fellows were drinking in my house, waiting for the execution. I was already counting the money I would make, when, lo, the news came of a smash-up on the railroad, in which several persons had been killed and wounded. "That must be a pretty curious sight," said one of the crowd, and with that fully half of them went off, and I saw them no more.'

HOME INDUSTRIES COMMITTEE.

WELLINGTON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1896-97.



BACK ROW—MRS HOLT, MRS H. BLUNDELL.

FRONT ROW—MRS FRANCIS, MRS J. J. DEVINE, MR W. H. MILWARD, MRS SAMUEL BROWN, MRS C. TATUM.

Wrigglesworth & Binn, photo.

PITHY PASSAGES FROM MODERN NOVELS, ETC.

COLLECTED BY W. H. J. SHEFFERN, NEW PLYMOUTH.

In most instances the names of the novels from which the passages have been taken are given; but where 'Anon' is placed the sentences have been extracted from magazine or newspaper articles.

INFIDEL.—Respectability in England is more powerful than any other form of religious disbelief, or perhaps religious belief.—*Anon.*

INFIDEL.—It is the age of universal tolerance, and so long as men and women obey the laws of man it is a matter of supreme indifference to their fellow colonists what other laws they recognise. Directly atheism and latitudinarianism cease to be effective bids for notoriety they are doomed.—*Anon.*

INACTIVITY.—Wise and masterly inactivity.—*Anon.*

INTOXICATION.—When intoxication is bliss it is folly to be sober.—*Don Orsino.*

INDUSTRY.—When a man arises from sound and untroubled slumber at or about five in the morning, and within an hour is commencing a long day's work, which process is continued week in and week out with the exception of Sundays, there is not much room or opportunity for the enemy of man who proverbially finds work for the unemployed.—*Nevermore.*

INSANITY is an expression that covers a multitude of sins of all kinds, but explains none of them, nor is itself explained.—*Paul Patoff.*

INSANITY.—What is madness in one man is not necessarily insanity in another.—*Paul Patoff.*

INSANITY.—It is even possible to produce artificial insanity—perfectly genuine while it lasts; but it is not possible for anyone to pretend to be insane.—*Paul Patoff.*

INCONSISTENT.—Are not men more inconsistent than the very beast of the field their tyranny controls.—*Ardath.*

INCONSISTENCIES.—No man ever really knows himself, or follows the depths of his own possible inconsistencies.—*Ardath.*

INGENUITY is always dangerous—silence is always safe.—*Under two Flags.*

INGRATITUDE.—The unpardonable sin of ingratitude.—*Mr Isaacs.*

INK.—Let physicians rail at the horrible consequences of drink, of excessive smoking, of opium, of chloral, and of morphine—the most terrible of all stimulants is ink, the hardest taskmaster, the most fascinating of enchanters, the breeder of sweet dreams and of the most appalling nightmares, the most insinuating of poisons, the surest of destroyers. One may truly venture to say that of the equal number of opium-eaters and professional writers, the opium-eaters have the best of the matter in long life, health, and peace of mind.—*The Three Fates.*

INK.—Writing ink is to printers' ink as a pencil drawing to a painted canvas, and what looks mild and almost gentle when it appears in an irregular handwriting upon a sheet of paper, can seem startlingly forcible when impressed upon perfectly new and very expensive paper in perfectly new and very expensive type.—*The Three Fates.*

INK.—She had fallen into the usual error of imagining an inkbottle would prove a goldmine, and quires of foolscap an El Dorado.—*George Geith.*

INCONSISTENT NATURES.—She was of a curiously inconsistent nature; weak in its strength, strong in its weakness.—*The Three Recruits.*

INDIVIDUALISM.—The creed of individualism and the creed of Christ touches but at one point, 'Thou canst not serve God and Mammon.'—*Jerry.*

JEALOUSY.—A man cannot make love to two women, a woman cannot coquet with two men without causing in degree that horrible agony, cruel as death, which is at the root of half the tragedies, and the cause of half the crimes of the world.—*Mistress and Maid.*

JOKER.—His bark was worse than his bite—he was better with his tongue than with his fists—a dangerous joker! But when he met another joker face to face, even an inferior joker—with a rough wit, a coarser thrust, a louder laugh, a tougher hide—he would just collapse like a pricked bladder.—*Tribby.*

Joy.—The joys of my life far exceed my sorrows. I found I had sight, hearing, youth, sound limbs, and an appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature, and an intense power of enjoyment.—*Romance of Two Worlds.*

JUDGMENT.—That judgment which young men acquire very easily when they are not brought into daily contact with their intellectual equals.—*The Three Fates.*

LARGEST DIAMOND EVER FOUND.

THE largest diamond ever known was recently found in South America and sent to Paris to be cut up and made ready for use. Being purely useful and in nowise beautiful, this immense piece of carbon is not worth quite as much as others of its genus that sparkle. Benjamin M. Levy a New York dealer in precious stones, saw and handled the great stone in South America and vouches for its size. He offered its owner £3,500 for it, but its finder refused to part with it for less than £10,000. Broken into available pieces and polished, it will probably sell for £13,000. Were it of the crystalline kind, its worth would be incalculable. It is just seventeen times the size of the great Victoria diamond, which sold for £3,000,000. Were this stone of the white and blue kind, the wealth of Vanderbilt would hardly buy it. Unfortunately for the finder, it is of that amorphous variety known to the trade as carbon, and its sole use is for mechanical purposes, such as tipping rock and ore drills, facing tools for turning hard steel, emery wheels and other uses of this sort. These uncrystallised black diamonds are found in the Bahia region of South America, and they are the hardest substance as yet discovered on the earth or under its surface. Its powder will cut the crystallised diamond almost as easily as the diamond will cut the ruby, sapphire or other precious stone. The black diamond—that is to say, the non-crystalline stone—has no beauty, but its loss would be almost irreparable to the miner and to many branches of the manufacture.

FINE ARTS COMMITTEE.

WELLINGTON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, 1896 97



BACK ROW—J. D. WIGGLESWORTH, L. H. B. WILSON, F. DENTON, D. T. STUART.

FRONT ROW—A. D. RILEY, C. D. BARRAUD, A. DE B. BRANDON (Chairman), J. L. NAIRN, W. L. MORRISON.

Wigglesworth & Blane, photo.

YOUR DREAMS PHOTOGRAPHED.

We can photograph all things living and all things dead, all things visible and many things invisible, but never until now has man succeeded in photographing a dream. Before our time no serious effort was made to accomplish this apparently impossible task. The effort, however, has now been made, and we are assured that the task has been successfully accomplished.

The scientist who claims to be able to give substance and life to dreams is M. Radel. He is a profound student of philosophy, and he calls himself a materialist. In spiritualism he does not seem to have any faith, which is rather remarkable, as one would expect that a spiritualist would be more inclined than a materialist to interest himself in dreams.

M. Radel, however, has studied spiritualism very carefully, and the conclusions at which he has arrived have

led him to make the experiments which have produced such a wonderful result. According to him, persons who seem to be under the influence of spirits, or who see what spirits do, are dreaming while under such influence, and of course all dream the same dream, the nervous centres of all being excited by the same things, for the reason that the attention of all is concentrated on the same things. He concludes, then, that when a spiritualist is in this condition and describes what he sees he virtually photographs something which he has seen in a dream. Such being the case, he saw no reason why the sights seen by spiritualists could not be actually photographed, and he determined to make experiments in that direction.

His first experiments were entirely unsatisfactory. The conditions were not in his favour. Visions and dreams are fleeting, and it is not always easy to seize them and give them "a local habitation and a name."

Finally, however he succeeded. He photographed certain persons while they were in a slumber or trance, and the photographs showed not only the slumbering persons, but also the persons of whom they were dreaming.

Here are his own words:—"To my profound stupefaction," he says, "I on two occasions obtained the photograph of a sleeping person, and over the photograph of that person was the photograph of a form which the person after awaking assured me was the form of one whom he had seen in his dream. As the time during which it is possible to take such a photograph is very brief and the dream forms are ever in motion, the forms, as shown in the photographs, are vague and confused, but when the sleeper awakens he can describe what he has seen in his dream, and it will then be easy to distinguish in the photograph the various forms of which he has dreamed."

The persons photographed by M. Radel slumbered only a few seconds each time, and it can be readily seen that it was almost impossible to photograph them. During such very brief slumbers, however, the sleeper's dreams are constant and varied, and if satisfactory photographs can be taken marvellous results should be obtained.

It may be asked, If the dreams of such persons can be photographed why cannot the dreams of all other persons be photographed? There is a good reason why they cannot. M. Radel knew that his slumbering clients were dreaming, whereas it is impossible to tell whether an ordinary sleeper is dreaming or not. An automatic camera, sensitive enough to know when a sleeper begins to dream, would be required in order to do such work successfully, and some time may elapse before any such camera is invented.

M. Radel's work, however, is not to be dismissed as illusory or useless, so far as practical results are concerned. Dreams play a greater part in our life than we are aware of, and he would be a rash man who would say that we can gain no good by photographing them. There seems no reason why the ends of justice should not in some cases be furthered by photographing the dreams of suspected criminals, and we can imagine many cases in which persons would be delighted to have photographs of beloved ones seen in their dreams.

At any rate, M. Radel's work is novel and curious, and the result of his further experiment in this direction will be awaited with keen interest by scientists.

WOMAN'S LEAP YEAR RIGHTS.

PROBABLY few spinsters who have been trying to gather up enough courage to take advantage of their customary privileges during leap year are aware that in two countries at least, and more than 600 years ago, laws were passed which gave women the right of proposing marriage, says a writer in the *Chicago Tribune*. These enactments went even further than this. They also stipulated that if the man whose hand they sought should refuse he should incur a heavy fine.

A searcher among the ancient records of Scotland has recently discovered an Act of the Scottish Parliament which was passed in the year 1288, which runs as follows:—

'It is statut and ordainit that during the rein of his maist blessit Megeste, ilk for the yearre knowne as Lepe Yearre, ilk mayden layde of baith the hight and lowe estait shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit gif he refuses to taik hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum of ane dundis or less, as his estait may be; except and awis gif he can make it appear that he is betrothit ane ither woman, he then shall be free.'

A year or two later a law almost similar to this Scottish enactment was passed in France, and received the approval of the King. It is also said that before Columbus sailed on his famous voyage to the westward a similar privilege was granted to the maidens of Genoa and Florence.

There is no record extant of any fines imposed under the conditions of this Scottish law, and no trace of statistics regarding the number of spinsters who took advantage of it or of the similar regulation in France, but the custom seems to have taken first firm hold upon the popular mind about that time. The next mention of it is dated nearly 400 years later, and it is a curious little treatise called 'Love, Courtship, and Matrimony,' which was published in London in 1666. In this quaint work the 'privilege' is thus alluded to:—

'Albeit it now become a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every leap year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love either by wordes or looks, as to them it seemeth proper, and, moreover, no man will be entitled to benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely.'

Up to within a century ago it was one of the unwritten laws of leap year that if a man should decline a proposal he should soften the disappointment which his answer would bring about by the presentation of a silk dress to the unsuccessful suitor for his hand.

A curious leap year superstition is still to be met with in some parts of New England, and that is that in leap year the 'beans grow on the wrong side of the pod.'

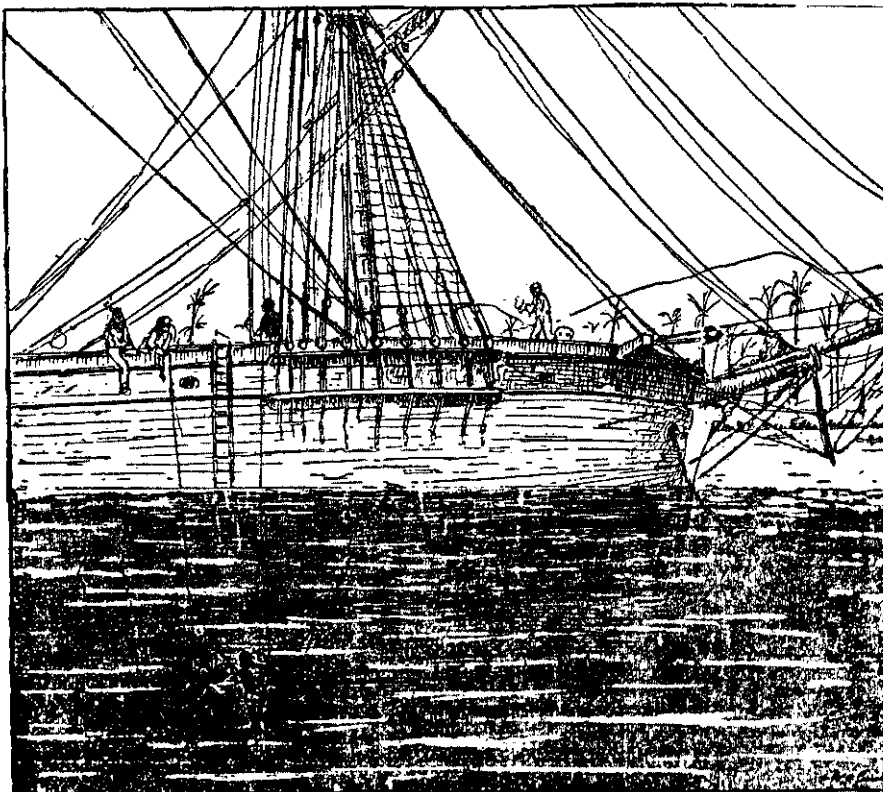
ALCOHOLISM IN PARIS.

PARIS is alarmed over the ravages of alcoholism. From investigations recently conducted, Paul Raynaud has learned that the victims of the drink habit in Paris—those seriously injured by it in health, some to the point of disablement—now number 70,000 annually.

Ambulances carried to hospitals 300,000 persons last year suffering from alcoholism in some form. This represents, says *L'Illustration*, an expense of \$180,000 for treating diseases due to the effects of intemperance in drinking. It is a sad fact that the proportion of women among these drunks and patients is nearly equal to that of men.



THE LATE MR. JAS. DILWORTH'S TOMB.
 Founder of the Dilworth Ulster Institute, Auckland. [See 'Our Illustrations.'



DIVERS REPAIRING A SHIP'S BOTTOM. [See 'Our Illustrations.'

THE MYSTERY OF ASPEN COURT,

OR

'NUMBER FORTY-FOUR.'

By 'THORMANN' (WILMOTT DIXON).



ULLOA! Number Forty-four!

There was nothing particularly remarkable about the exclamation itself; but the tone in which it was uttered was one of intense surprise, mingled with a certain dash of malicious pleasure which might account for the effect it produced upon the person to whom it

was addressed.

But that effect was undoubtedly extraordinary; out of all proportion apparently to the simple character of the words.

The object of this abrupt salutation was Joseph Rogers, butler to Lady Maxwell, of Aspen Court, where, trusted and respected factotum, he had been for several years, having previously occupied a similar position of confidence in the household of an eminent bishop.

To say that Joseph Rogers was the essence of respectability would be to convey but a poor idea of the solidity and dignity of his department. He looked much more like a bishop than did his late Episcopal master. It must have been difficult indeed to imagine any post of eminence in Church or State which Joseph Rogers would not have adorned, so far as his personal appearance went. If ever sterling honesty and worth and trustiness were written on a man's countenance, it was on that of Joseph Rogers. Everything about him suggested the possession of those qualities in which we are disposed to place implicit reliance; he was one of those men on whose absolute integrity one would feel safe in staking one's very life. And he bore a stainless record of faithful and dutiful service, which proved that Nature had for once made the outward stamp the true index to the inner virtue.

But at the moment at which we introduce Lady Maxwell's butler to the reader, his demeanour was the reverse of dignified and wholly inconsistent with the character deservedly assigned him. His usually florid face had turned a ghastly grey, his portly frame quivered like a jelly, his substantial legs trembled. He stared as if he had seen a ghost, whilst the hand with which he supported himself against the door which he had just opened, shook as if it were palsied.

And yet the figure which confronted him had nothing uncommon or uncanny about it. It was that of a smart, clean-limbed man of about five and thirty, with a somewhat sinister expression, however, on his good-looking face. He wore the livery of a groom, and it was he who, when the door had been opened by the butler in response to his ring, had greeted that grave functionary with the exclamation which had for the moment so visibly disconcerted Mr Rogers.

Joseph Rogers, however, quickly recovered his self-control, and with something of his wonted dignity, though a faint quaver might have been detected in his voice, remarked:

'You 'ave the advantage of me, young man. I don't know what you mean. Lord Ipswich's servant, I believe. Any message for her ladyship?'

Before immediately replying to this last query, the groom put his head on one side, winked knowingly, and said:

'You're a downy one—you are—number—'

The butler interrupted him with considerable asperity. 'If you 'ave any message, young man, I beg you will deliver it at once, and keep your impudence to yourself.'

The groom's manner instantly changed—his face grew dark and sullen, and he seemed about to make an angry reply; but apparently he thought better of it, for handing a note to the butler, he merely said:

'This is a note for her ladyship, and I am to wait for an answer.'

By this time Joseph Rogers had quite regained his composure, and in his stately manner, bidding the groom wait in the entrance hall, he took the note on a salver to her ladyship.

Wealthy though she was known to be, Lady Maxwell kept up very little state, and it was but seldom that her splendid diamonds and the superb plate bequeathed her by her husband saw the light. She visited the best county families, indeed, and occasionally had friends to stay with her, but for the most part she lived a secluded life. She had, in fact, developed a religious mania, and the High Church rector, a man of earnest views, found in her a generous helper and an enthusiastic devotee.

At the time when the strange events which we are about to narrate, happened, Lady Maxwell had been ten years at Aspen Court, and during the whole of that period Joseph Rogers had been the trusted major-domo. She invariably spoke of her butler as a treasure, and in that estimate of his character all who knew Joseph Rogers concurred.

Her ladyship was methodical in her habits. She invariably went to bed at eleven and rose at eight. Her bedroom was in front of the house. Here she kept her jewellery in a strong box, together with some valuable pieces of presentation plate, on which she set special store. Most of the silver was stowed away in an iron-sheeted plate cupboard in the butler's bedroom. One peculiarity about Lady Maxwell's bedchamber was, the door closed with a spring, and when shut could not be reopened from without excepting by the special key which Lady Maxwell only allowed out of her possession, when the maids were making the bed in the morning. Every night after she had dismissed her maid, her ladyship locked the door on the inside and left the key in the lock, so that it was impossible for any one to enter by the door without breaking it down. When called by her maid in the morning, Lady Maxwell rose from bed and opened the door. Some of her friends had pointed out to her how fatal this security might prove, if she were suddenly attacked with illness during the night. For she was absolutely cut off from all help. But this

warnings and remonstrances were in vain. Lady Maxwell preferred the sense of isolation and security which the spring-locked door afforded her, to being within reach of aid in case of sudden illness.

It only remains to add that two members of the household alone slept on the same floor as their mistress. The one was Catherine Leece, her ladyship's maid—she occupied a room in the front of the house at the far end of the passage; the other was Joseph Rogers the butler, who slept in a room at the back of the house. It is necessary to give these details in order that the narrative of what subsequently happened may be perfectly intelligible.

On a morning in the month of December, Lady Maxwell's maid, Catherine Leece, knocked at her mistress' door as usual, just as a clock struck eight. Her ladyship was a light sleeper and invariably responded to the first knock, but on this occasion the maid rapped a dozen times without obtaining an answer. This continued silence alarmed her. She hurried to the butler's room and told him that she was unable to wake her mistress. Rogers at once proceeded with her to Lady Maxwell's room, knocked, hammered, kicked till the very walls rattled and shook. But no sound came from within. The coachman and gardener were sent for—the latter brought with him an axe and mattock. By their combined efforts, the spring-locked door was at length burst open.

Rogers entered first and rushed to the bed, a huge four poster, with the curtains drawn closely round it.

'My lady, my lady,' he called loudly, but there was no answer. Then in desperation, he tore aside the curtains and almost at the same moment fell back, crying:

'Oh! God! my lady is murdered!'

The maids who had clustered in a trembling group at the door, shrieked, and covering their faces with their aprons rushed away without daring to look at the object which had wrung that cry of horror from Rogers. The coachman and gardener with pale, scared faces came forward towards the bed, and peered fearfully between the curtains. The sight that met their eyes was ghastly and horrible enough to have turned the stomach and upset the nerves of the strongest man. The pillows and sheets were drenched with blood, and across the bed, with her head hanging over the side farthest from the door, lay the body of Lady Maxwell, the throat cut, the hands almost severed from the wrists, the chest pierced with half a dozen stabs.

The butler, who was the first to recover his self-possession, went straight to the strong-box and raising it slightly, said:

'She has not been robbed—how is this?'

'Are you sure of that?' said a quiet voice at his elbow, and turning sharply round he found the maid Catherine Leece at his side. She was a strong-minded woman, and after the first shock of horror that had sent the other maids flying, had resolutely turned back and entered the room.

'What made you say that?' said Rogers. 'Feel the box; it is heavy.'

'The most valuable things in it were not the heaviest,' replied the maid.

'It has not been forced anyhow,' continued the butler, 'for, see, it is still locked.'

It was noted afterwards by the gardener, who was standing there aghast, that there was something remarkable in the comparatively cool manner in which these two discussed the question of robbery, whilst the corpse of their murdered mistress lay still unattended to within half a dozen feet of them.

Meanwhile, the coachman hurried off to give the alarm at the Rectory, the nearest house, and fetch the doctor who lived at the village, nearly two miles distant. The rector, on hearing the terrible news, despatched a messenger at once to the police station, and himself hastened to Aspen Court.

Rogers, however, who was now wonderfully self-possessed, would allow no one to enter Lady Maxwell's room until the arrival of the police. When at last the rural inspector arrived, accompanied by the doctor who had picked him up in his trap, the party consisted of Rogers, the rector, the doctor, and the policeman, all proceeded to the scene of the murder. Whilst the doctor was examining the body, the inspector took stock of the room. It was there discovered that the bed ropes were twisted tightly round the frame of the testor, so as to be out of the reach of the unfortunate lady's hand. A clasp knife was found among the ashes in the grate, almost consumed by the fire which had burned off all marks of blood that might have been upon it. In the bed were found a scrap of cravat of coarse lace and a napkin, both soaked with blood.

When the strong box was opened, it was found that nearly all Lady Maxwell's jewellery was gone, together with a considerable sum in gold which Rogers said he knew his mistress had in her possession. The murderer then, after satisfying himself that his victim was dead, must have calmly unlocked the strong box, abstracted the money and jewellery, and then put the key back in its place—unless, indeed, he had committed the robbery first and whilst Lady Maxwell was asleep, and had accidentally awakened her as he was leaving with his booty. But the latter surmise seemed less probable than the former.

The inquest took place the following day, and was looked forward to with the intensest excitement.

The first witness called was Catherine Leece, Lady Maxwell's maid, who had been the last of the household to see her mistress alive. But beyond the fact that she had noticed nothing unusual in the room when she left Lady Maxwell for the night, and that though she slept on the same floor she had heard no screams or a struggle, she had little to tell.

Joseph Rogers, the butler, was the next witness. It was elicited from him in examination that he locked and chained the front door as usual, and had taken the key up to his bedroom, and that although he too slept on the same floor as his mistress, he had not been disturbed by any unusual sounds. He knew of no one likely to obtain entrance to the house and to secrete himself there

before the front door was locked and bolted. He had not observed any suspicious characters about the premises, and could form no conjecture as to how the murderer had entered and left the house.

But it was not so much the evidence he gave as the manner in which he gave it, that impressed the Court. He was pale, nervous, and agitated, and hesitated painfully before answering even the simplest question. It was possible, of course, that he was so upset by the awful death of his mistress, whom he had served so long and faithfully, that his nerves were utterly unstrung, but the impression left upon every one who saw and heard him was that he knew something which he was keeping back.

The most sensational evidence, however, was that of the scullery maid, who swore that when she came down in the morning she noticed that the front door was neither chained nor bolted, and on trying the handle she found that it was not even locked, though Rogers had sworn that before going to bed he had put up the chain, drawn the bolts, locked the door, and taken the key up to his room with him.

The blood-stained napkin was one of those kept in the butler's pantry, but the fragment of a lace cravat also found in the bed could not be identified as belonging to any one connected with the household.

The important problem to solve was—how the murderer had obtained entrance first of all into the house, and then to Lady Maxwell's room, the door of which was always kept locked, the key being in her ladyship's possession all day.

Another remarkable feature of the case was that the murderer had left no traces of his presence anywhere, except in the room in which the crime had been committed. Yet his clothing, or some portions of it, must have been saturated with blood, and as Lady Maxwell was a strong and determined woman, there could be little doubt that she must have left some marks upon her assailant in the course of her desperate resistance.

Taken as a whole, the evidence seemed to point to the conclusion that the murderer must have had a confederate in the house who had let him in and let him out. Who could that confederate have been? So far, there was not a scintilla of evidence to connect any one in the household with the commission of the crime, and though the butler's strange manner whilst giving his evidence had created some vague suspicions at the moment, yet his high character and known attachment to his mistress were taken into consideration and no suspicions were felt to be entertainable.

The result of the coroner's inquest was a verdict of 'wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.'

The rector had already communicated with the Scotland Yard authorities and two detectives were sent down to investigate the case. One of them took up his abode at Aspen Court with instructions to keep a strict surveillance over all the members of the household, whilst the other pursued his researches outside.

A week passed without any further light being thrown upon this mysterious crime, and then a startling discovery was made.

One of the stable boys in cleaning out the yard, picked up what he thought was a strip of blood-stained rag, which turned out to be the missing portion of the cravat found in Lady Maxwell's bed. The detectives then made a thorough and exhaustive examination of all the outbuildings, and in a disused loft over the stall they came upon a sensational find indeed—nothing less than a blood-stained shirt and a silk pocket-handkerchief bearing the initials 'J.R.' which was at once identified as belonging to the butler.

Rogers who had all this time been under ceaseless surveillance was arrested in a moment. He was charged with being concerned in the murder of Lady Maxwell, and was forthwith removed to the county gaol. The arrest caused an extraordinary sensation, and though the case looked black against Rogers, yet those who knew the high character he bore could not believe that a man of such unimpeachable reputation could possibly have committed so cruel and brutal a crime.

At the examination of the prisoner before the magistrates, however, the mystery so far from being solved, seemed deeper than ever. For though the handkerchief was undoubtedly the butler's, the shirt was certainly not his. It was not only not of the kind and quality that he habitually wore, but it was very much too small for a man of his large and portly build.

There appeared to be a strong *prima facie* case against the butler of complicity in the crime at any rate, even if he were not the actual murderer. When asked if he had any statement to make before being committed for trial, Rogers, who was evidently suffering from great mental anguish, said in a low but impressive voice:

'As God is my judge, I am innocent. I know nothing of this murder. I loved my mistress dearly. I would not have seen a hair of her head touched if I could have helped her. I have no more to say.'

The prisoner's brief statement was listened to with profound silence, and he was then formally committed for trial on the charge of 'Wilful murder.'

As the Assizes at which Rogers was to be tried drew near, the public interest in the case grew intense; for there were many mysterious features about the affair for which no satisfactory solution had yet been found. It was known that several eminent witnesses as to character would be called on behalf of the prisoner. Among them the distinguished Bishop, who had from the first expressed his firm belief in the innocence of his ex-butler.

The Court was crowded on the morning of the trial, but there was another surprise in store for the public. When the case was called, as the leading counsel for the prosecution rose and asked for a postponement on the ground that he had only on the previous evening been placed in possession of most important information, the truth of which must be ascertained and the best evidence collected before proceeding further with the trial of the prisoner Rogers. Counsel for the defence concurred in the application, and stated that he too had been in ignorance of the information referred to until the previous day. No word was left on either side as to the

nature of the new evidence, but the judge granted the application, and to the intense disappointment of the crowded court the trial was adjourned.

Three days later there was another sensational announcement, to the effect that a second and more important arrest had been made in connection with the Maxwell murder, which it was expected would put a very different aspect on the case.

The person arrested turned out to be a man named Thomas Hampson, formerly groom to Lord Ipswich at Audley Hall, who had been discharged from his lordship's service about six months previously.

When Hampson was brought before the magistrates, to the amazement of every one, the principal witness against him was Joseph Rogers, and the statement made by the latter was one of the most extraordinary ever heard in a court of justice.

Rogers was brought into court in the custody of two warders, and when he stood up in the witness box, to give his evidence, those who had known him well were shocked at the fearful change which a few weeks had made in his appearance. His portly frame seemed to have dwindled away, his over-flurried face was thin and pale and haggard. He looked the mere wreck of his former self.

Counsel for the Treasury conducted the prosecution, and the following were the more remarkable points in his examination of Joseph Rogers.

'You know the accused, Thomas Hampson?'

'I do.'

'How long have you known him?'

'Fifteen years.'

'Where and when did you first meet him?'

'There was a pause—the witness's emotion was painful to watch, the silence in court was oppressive, at last with an effort, he mastered his feelings and replied: 'I met him in Portland convict prison.'

'You were then undergoing a term of penal servitude yourself?'

'I was.'

At this unexpected and startling reply, there went through the court that indescribable rattle which denotes sensation. Every eye was riveted upon the face of the man who was thus deliberately destroying his own character. The agony written upon his features created profound sympathy, as ever and pitiless came the words of the examining counsel.

'For what crime were you sentenced?'

'Embezzlement.'

'You had been confidential clerk to a firm of merchants, and had embezzled certain moneys entrusted to you. Was that so?'

'It was.'

'Now, will you tell the court what has passed between you and the prisoner Hampson since then?'

Without even glancing at the man whose life he was about to swear away, and whose sullen face wore an expression of mingled disdain and hatred, Joseph Rogers continued:

'When I came out of prison after serving my term of seven years, I was taken in hand by a gentleman who had known me from my youth, and who was aware that I had fallen a victim to sudden temptation. He took me into his service as butler. I remained with him ten years, and on his recommendation I was engaged by the Bishop of — with whom I continued rather more than three years. His lordship was ordered to the south of France for his health, and not being able to take me with him recommended me to Lady Maxwell, who was then in want of a butler. I had been ten years in her ladyship's service at the time of her death.'

'Was either the Bishop or Lady Maxwell aware that you had been a convict?'

'No, that was kept a secret between me and the gentleman who befriended me when I first came out of prison. I had shown myself worthy of his confidence. I had lived down my past. I was trusted and respected. I was proud of the high character I had made for myself. I thought no one but myself and the gentleman I have referred to knew of my misfortune. But one day Thomas Hampson, then Lord Ipswich's groom, came to Aspen Court with a note for her ladyship. I opened the door to him. He looked hard at me for a moment, and then said, "Hallo! Number Forty-four." That was my number as a convict. I saw at once that that was a man who had served in the same gang with me at Portland, and that he recognised me, though he had not set eyes on me for fifteen years. From that moment I never knew what peace of mind was. My secret was discovered, and I was at the mercy of one whom I knew to be an unscrupulous scoundrel. For months he blackmailed me. I had to part with nearly all my savings to keep him quiet. Several times he suggested to me that we should together rob Lady Maxwell of her plate and jewels. But I always refused with abhorrence. After he was discharged from Lord Ipswich's for dishonesty, I had to keep him. He constantly came at night when all the household was asleep, and when I heard the signal, I used to let him in, feed him, give him what money I had, and let him out before daybreak.'

'He and Catherine Leece, Lady Maxwell's maid, were in love with one another. He made me frequently let him in at night to see her. I knew that he was in the house on the night of the murder though I did not let him in; Catherine Leece let him in whilst I was away at the Rectory between eight and nine in the evening. When I returned she told me that he was in the house, in her room, and asked for the key of the front door that she might let him out herself. I gave it to her, and she promised to bring it back, but did not do so. I do not know what became of the key. I put up the chain and fastened the bolts as usual, but I did not lock the door because I had not the key. I can say nothing more of my own knowledge, except that the cravat and the shirt belonged to Hampson. I can swear to that. I did not see him that night, and do not know when he quitted the house.'

And so Joseph Rogers stepped down with his character with the convict Number Forty-four.

blasted irretrievably. Yet everyone pitied him, and even respected him for the heroic effort he had made to keep a reputation so honorably gained, in spite of the early blot upon his career.

But there was more damning evidence against Thomas Hampson than even that of Joseph Rogers. Catherine Leece confessed to having let him into the house on the night of the murder, but swore that she gave him the key to let himself out before her mistress went to bed. That she saw him actually to the door, but hearing Lady Maxwell's bell had to hurry upstairs before seeing him actually leave the house. That was the last she saw of him, and she swore solemnly that she had no idea that he was in the house after that. She had neither seen nor heard of him from the moment she left him at the door, but she saw him now in the dock before her.

The blood-stained shirt and cravat were both sworn to by the laundry-maid at Lord Ipswich's as belonging to Thomas Hampson.

But the most convincing proof of his fault was left to the last. The detective who arrested him in a lodging-house in Islington, finding a plank in the floor of Hampson's bedroom loose, ripped it up and found concealed beneath—seventy pounds in gold, a list of the missing jewellery, and a gold watch with Lady Maxwell's monogram upon it.

Little more remains to be told of the mystery of Aspen Court. Thomas Hampson was tried and convicted on a charge of murdering Lady Maxwell. Before his execution he made a full confession which cleared up some doubtful points. He stated that as he passed along the passage from Catherine Leece's room, he noticed that the door of Lady Maxwell's room was not closed. As soon as Catherine's back was turned he slipped upstairs again, secreted himself under Lady Maxwell's bed, and waited there until he thought she was asleep. Then he stole out, intending only to gag and secure her whilst he rifled the strong box. But she awoke too soon—he struck up fiercely with his knife at her throat, inflicting the wound which severed the tongue, and prevented her from crying out. She still clung to him frantically, and in his rage and exasperation he stabbed her repeatedly till she was dead. Then he unlocked the strong box, took the contents, and let himself out noiselessly. He stole up to the disused loft where he had hidden before, and then took off his blood-stained shirt, made his way to London, and intended to have sailed to America as soon as he could safely dispose of the jewellery, but he stayed just a little too long, and so the hangman claimed his due.

We are not, however, concerned much with the fate of Thomas Hampson, and he was but a commonplace murderer after all. It is in Joseph Rogers that the interest of our story centres, and we may safely say that not often has any man run such a narrow risk of the gallows as he did to keep secret the fact that the eminently respectable butler of Lady Maxwell was identical with the convict Number Forty-four.

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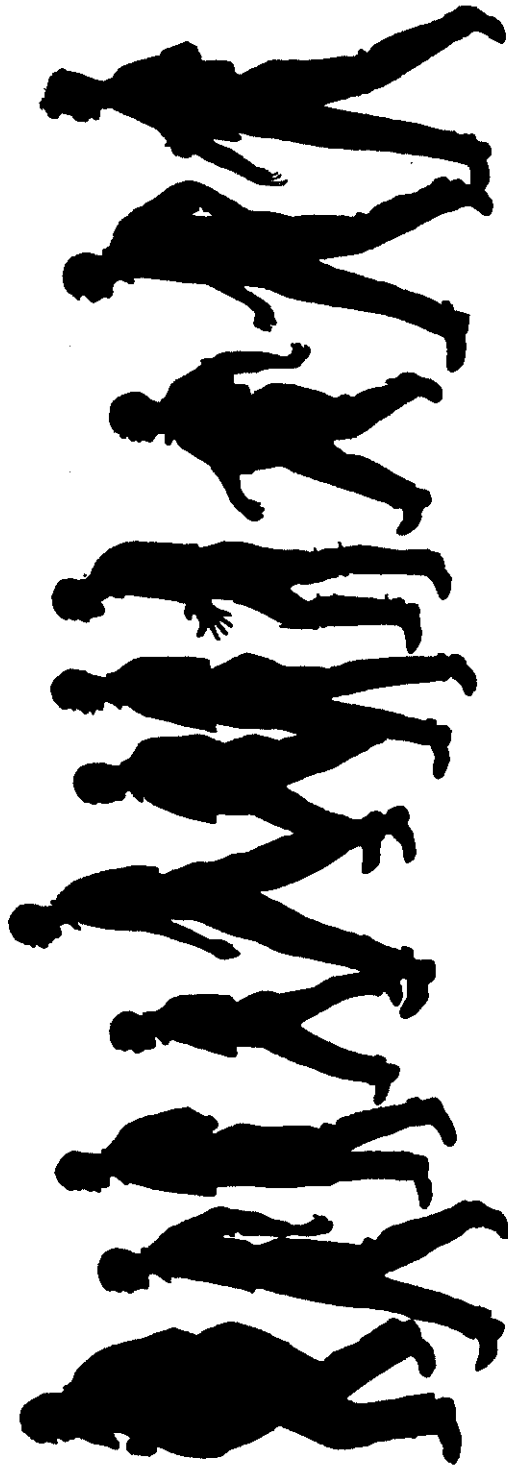
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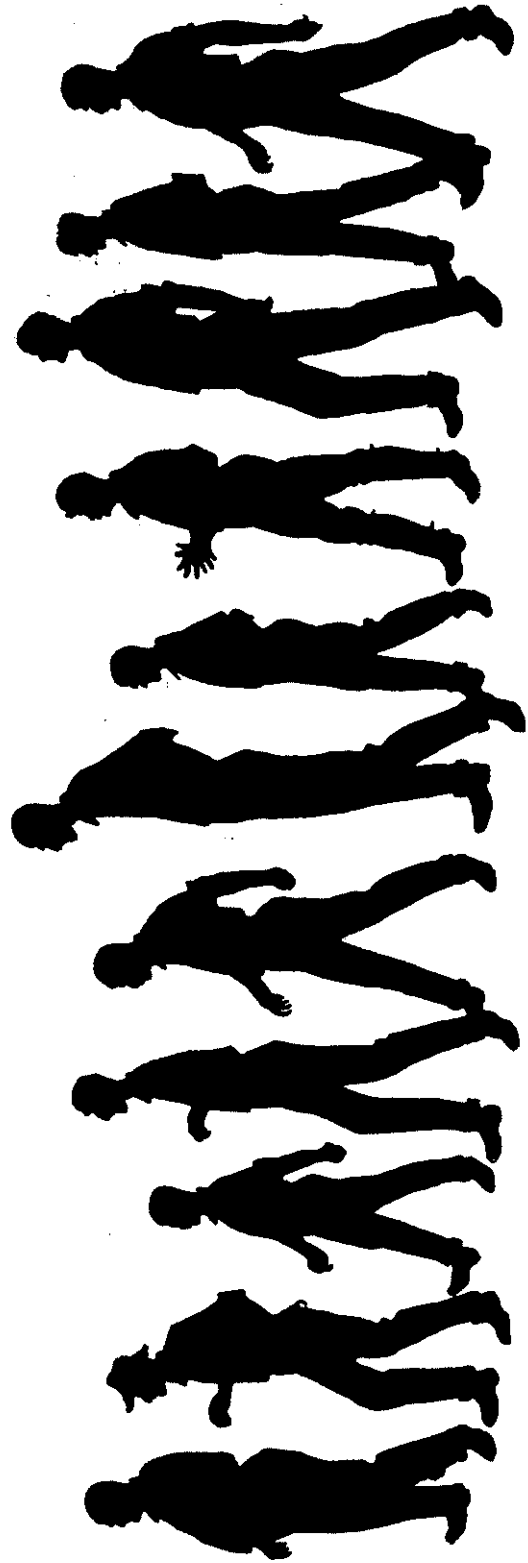
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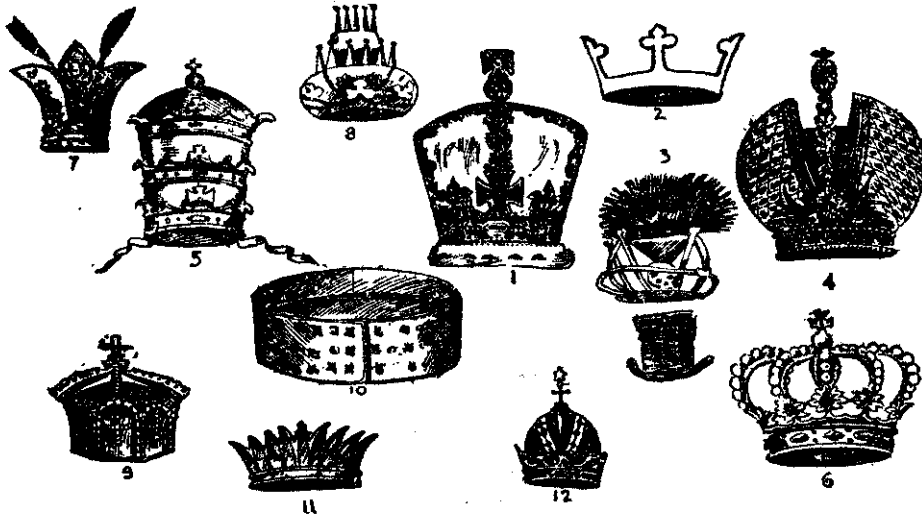


AN ENGLISH ELEVEN.



AN AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN.

From Rip's Caricatures in LONDON EVENING NEWS.



CROWNS OF DISTINGUISHED POTENTATES.

1. Coronation crown of Queen Victoria. 2. Crown of William I. 3. King of Imperial land; old hat also a crown. 4. Imperial crown of Russia. 5. The Pope. 6. King of Portugal. 7. Crown of Persia. 8. Sultana of Turkey's Tiara. 9. Crown of German Empire. 10. Italian (Lombard) crown. 11. China. 12. Imperial crown of Austria.

MIRRORS IN GLOVES.

A MIRROR in the palm of the glove is the latest novelty. With its assistance its owner is enabled to be sure that her bonnet is on straight, and also that her curls are in perfect order. She can likewise ascertain if her bow is at the most becoming angle at the proper time.

All these things and a hundred others, important from the feminine point of view, she can find out on the street, without attracting the attention of passers by, with the aid of this simple contrivance.

The inventor of this device has so arranged the little looking-glass in the palm of the glove as not to interfere with the shutting of the hand. He has likewise taken the precaution of putting it in the left hand glove, so that when its owner shakes hands with a friend it will not be observed.

It is not the fair sex alone that will find this ingenious contrivance useful. Men are quite as vain as women, so the latter claim, and will be seen by any observer to look at themselves in every mirror they pass on the streets.

A BISHOP'S DILEMMA.

A GOOD story is told of the Venerable Bishop Whipple. One evening in the fall, and after dark, as the Bishop was walking along the street, he noticed a little fellow trying to ring the door bell of a fine residence. He was too short to do any more than reach it, and, although he stood on his tiptoes and stretched vigorously, no sound came from the bell. The kindhearted prelate felt called upon to assist him, and so, ascending the steps, asked: "Shall I help you, my little man?"

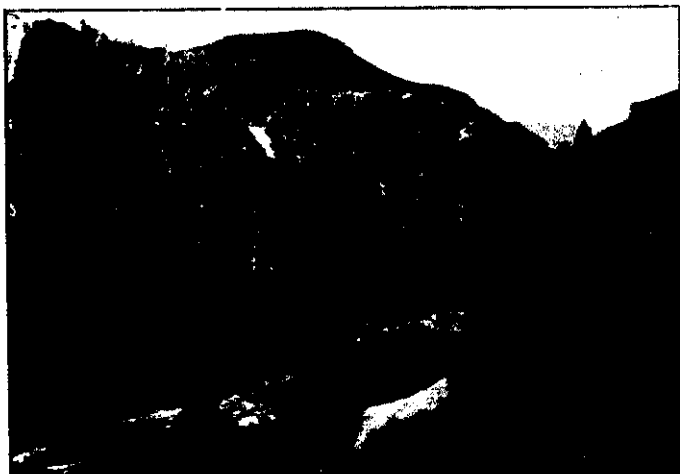
The boy intimated that such a course would be gratifying to him, and the Bishop rang the bell. Thereupon the little fellow remarked: "Now, we'd better both run like winking!" and decamped as rapidly as possible.

It took the Bishop just a moment to remember that it was Halloween, and it is said that he made tracks and got around the corner about as rapidly as did the little boy.

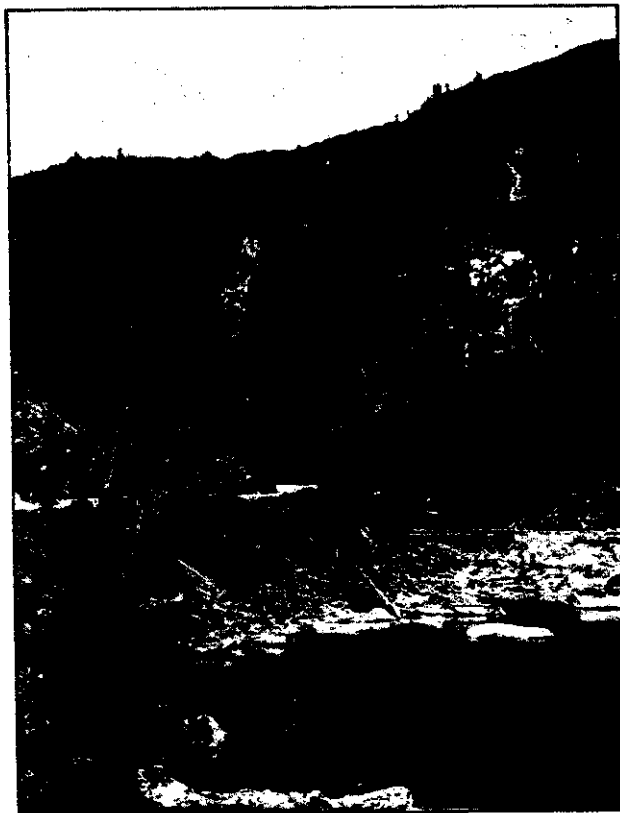


THE AUSTRALIANS ON THE FIELD.

From Rip's Caricatures in LONDON EVENING NEWS.



C. P. Winkelmann, photo.
VIEW ON THE WAIHI ROAD, OHINEMURI GORGE.



C. P. Winkelmann, photo.
VIEW IN THE OHINEMURI GORGE ON THE ROAD TO WAIHI—WATER RACE SUPPLYING CROWN BATTERY IN LEFT OF PICTURE.



C. P. Winkelmann, photo.
VIEW OF CROWN MINE BATTERY LOOKING TOWARDS KARANGAHAKE—TAKEN FROM THE WAIHI ROAD ON THE BANKS OF THE OHINEMURI RIVER.



OPENING OF TROUT FISHING SEASON, ON THE RIVER MAITAI, NELSON, OCTOBER, 1896. C. P. Winkelmann, photo.



See 'Our Illustrations' WATERFALL ON THE ROAD UP THE RANGE, WAIRONGOMAI.

HEADACHE

Readers of this paper should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or at a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists in two sizes.

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TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE ATROCIOUS CHINESE.

THE story of the Chinese doctor Sun-Yet-Sin, who was kidnapped by the Chinese Legation in London, reminds one of Sherlock Holmes' adventures. If Mr Conan Doyle had related the facts in one of his tales we should, of course, have been deeply interested, but we should at the same time have smiled incredulously at the idea of such things happening in the very heart of civilization within earshot of Oxford-street and that great river of life that flows towards Cheapside. Although there is nothing impossible in the fact of a Chinese Arch-conspirator finding his way to London, since all sorts and conditions of men gravitate towards the modern Babylon, still a Mongolian Anarchist thirsting for the downfall of the Manchu dynasty is about the last man one would expect to meet in Piccadilly. One would hardly consider London the best base of operations from which to work a revolution in China. But the presence of the doctor in the British Metropolis is a matter for small surprise compared with the story he tells of his adventures there. Many a time in my young days have I passed that Legation and marked the quite aristocratically European aspect of its exterior. Often have I longed to cross the threshold where I felt certain I would find myself lifted at a step into old Cathay. I pictured myself threading dimly-lighted passages redolent of curious Eastern odours, where golden dragons ramped on ebony silk drapings, and queer josses confronted one at unexpected corners. I would have been prepared for many things rich and strange, for I knew that of all men the Chinaman was the most conservative in regard to his own customs, and as he adheres religiously to his pigtail in spite of the jeers and scoffs it draws down on him from the Western communities in which he makes his home, so he was pretty certain within the walls of the Legation in London to live as he would live in China. But I certainly never dreamt of such things as Sun-Yet-Sin relates. I had far too implicit a faith in the omnipotence of British justice and law to imagine that in the heart of London tricks could be played with the liberty of the individual as are evidently permitted in callous Canton or Peking. Here is another argument in favour of anti-Chinese legislation. If in high official circles the Celestials can be guilty of such contempt of British law, what atrocities may they not perpetrate in lower grades of society? How do we know what thoughts our seemingly inoffensive John may harbour beneath a smiling exterior, or whether from kidnapping his own countrymen he may not descend to kidnapping us?

HERE AND THERE.

HOW tame is an electioneering campaign here compared with what it is in the United States! Our American cousins have a genius for doing things on a grand scale. They seem to have caught it from the

country which is so stupendous in its lakes, its mountains, its rivers, its blizzards and tornadoes, and when they do anything they do it in style, from a railway accident to the election of a President. They are throwing such an amount of spirit into the latter piece of business on this present occasion that the echoes of the struggle is wafted across the Pacific to us. When will the day come that the noise of our elections will cross to the other side, I wonder? Our politicians don't know what election activity means. If they happen to have spoken twice in a week at two country schools to an audience of half a hundred men, women, and children all told, they wipe their brows, sigh heavily, and speak of the terrible strain politics is on the system. Terrible fiddle-sticks! There is Bryan delivering a score of speeches a day. It's only election talk, but what else is yours, I should like to know? They know how to fight battles in the States with lungs and with purses as well as with hands. The floods of talk they have poured forth in connection with the present campaign would drown all this little country; the money they are alleged to have expended in bribes, etc., would make some of our election agents green with envy. The Democrats declare that McKinley has expended a million of money in bribery, and the fact that his party is sending governors and generals in train loads over the country gives colour to the report. You can't send such freight through the land for nothing like so many sacks of wheat. The carriage of it costs money. There would be some pleasure, some excitement in being in the middle of a struggle like that, but in our one-horse show there is nothing, and I can't become enthusiastic over it.

A WORD FOR FOOTBALL.

NOW that the football god has been deposed for a season in favour of the cricket deity it might seem a good time for me, who am no lover of the leather, to speak my mind. But seeing that he is certain to be enshrined as high as ever in the popular estimation next autumn, it might be better for me to hold my tongue. And so I am really going to do football a good turn for once. It seems there is some good in it after all, for I find on looking over a book of French sonnets that the game inspired Amadis Jamyn to write a very pretty little bit of verse. Now, no one would credit football with inspiring anything poetic much above the level of 'On the Ball,' still less would you expect philosophic reflections to have their birth in a scrimmage; but read this by Jamyn. It might be a good piece for footballers to recite at their smoke concerts, the poetic literature of the ball is so meagre, and yet I am afraid that it would be rather out of place there. Here it is, however:

When I behold a football to and fro
Urged by a throng of players equally
Who run pell mell, and thrust, and push, and throw,
Each party bent alike on victory;
Methinks I see resembled in that show
This round earth poised in the vacant sky,
Where all are fain to lay each other low
Striving by might and main for mastery.
The ball is filled with wisdom; and even so
It is for wind most times that mortals war,
Death, the sole prize, they all are struggling for;
And all the world is but an ebb and flow;
And all we learn whereas the game is o'er
That life is but a dream and nothing more.

THE SUPERSTITION OF SPECULATORS.

THERE is no necessity to go to Monte Carlo to prove that gamblers are superstitious. You can prove it on any racecourse in this enlightened colony, or if you object to races and still are not convinced in the matter, nothing is more easy than to pay a visit to a Stock Exchange when a mining boom is on. Now, of course, some folks will be indignant that I should speak of mining as gambling. I assure you, gentle reader, that I have met with more than one church-going mortal who would be ready to denounce gambling with his latest breath, and yet thought it nothing to hold mining shares, to buy them when he thought they were cheap, and to sell them when he judged they had reached the top of the market. I have heard the same people object to progressive euchre as a questionable amusement, seeing that it involved playing for a prize with the devil's own books. A prize won in any other way, mark you, was quite legitimate, but with cards—never. Mining speculation on the Stock Exchange is not gambling in the severe eyes of these righteous ones, except perhaps when they lose. To my mind, however, winning or losing, it is all gambling, and I don't intend to argue that point. All I wished to do in this paragraph was to give an illustration of the superstitious element that is associated with even that most respectable mortal, the stock and share gambler. We have all read with a good deal of amusement the prophetic almanacs which are issued every year by our modern astrologers. What terrible things they predict for mankind in a general sort of way! And we have often been struck by the singular coincidence of events which would seem to ignorant

and superstitious people the fulfilment of the wizard's vaticinations. But a very little thought has banished from our minds any grain of confidence we might half unconsciously place in seers of the Zadkiel order. Sensible men are not alarmed when Zadkiel foretells some serious national calamity; cabinets do not order new ironclads when he predicts international war, and the world generally would not neglect its worldly affairs if he declared that the Judgment Day was just about to dawn. This indifference to the prophets exists only outside the gambling hell, the race-course, the mining Exchange, and a few other places where men play with fortune's fickle wheel. Within, the ordinary sanity which guides the average man in his business transactions vanishes, and he becomes the sport of mere fancies, and will take the opinion of any man for gospel who seems to speak with authority. For example, it was mentioned in the columns of an Auckland paper the other day that 'Old Moore,' a maker of prophetic almanacs in the Old Country which find much favour among illiterate servant girls, had declared that during 1897 some rather rich finds of the precious metal would be found in New Zealand, and a fair share of English capital would be invested there. Now the thing that first amused me in all this was the excessive moderation of Old Moore. He is a careful prophet indeed, or just as likely—so far as mining matters go—a very ignorant one. Had he known a little more about New Zealand he would certainly have ventured on a bigger prediction. But what is infinitely more amusing than Old Moore's guesses at futurity is the faith that nearly all our speculators place in his prophecy. One would certainly have thought that anybody with a modicum of common sense would have laughed at the prospect and forgotten the prophecy. They do laugh, it is true, but I can tell you they don't forget his words. They cherish them carefully, and you would find, if you took the trouble to sift the confidence that so many place in the future of the Hauraki Peninsula, that Old Moore's prediction is a corner stone for the whole edifice in many minds.

THE TEMPLE OF JINGOISM.

THE precise uses of the Imperial Institute have never been quite clear to the average Colonial mind, but the scene which took place there the other day, throws a little light on the matter. The Institute is apparently a sort of nursery for that healthy jingo spirit which regards the British as the chosen people, and everything they may do or say as incontrovertible. Such a nursery is not altogether dispensable in a great Empire like ours, where outlying parts have a tendency to lose touch of the old traditions and sentiments, and to become more cosmopolitan and less insular in their tastes and their sense of justice and right. England needs a temple in which the sacred fires of Chauvinism and jingoism shall be kept carefully burning, and coals from the altar sent across the sea to warm with patriotic glow the lukewarm hearts of her sons; and why should not the Imperial Institute be that temple? It is certainly rapidly qualifying for it. I had thought that, like other institutes founded for the diffusion of knowledge, the Imperial could discuss any question in a calm philosophic spirit, and would listen to any man whatever his opinions if he carried any power of enlightenment. When the Psychological Society flourished such heterodox men as the late Professor Huxley and Bishops who had subscribed to every article of the church used to meet on the very friendliest of terms. But the fellows of the Imperial, or at least a certain number of them, appear to consider that the object of the Institute is not so much the spread of information as the spread of imperial jingoism. At any rate that is how one would judge from the recent episode when some of the fellows hissed and insulted the speaker of the evening because his ideas of imperial duty did not quite coincide with theirs. Mr Draper, the gentleman in question, is the secretary of the Transvaal Geological Society, and probably was invited to address the Institute on some geological subject. But it was rumoured about that Mr Draper had sided with the Boers over the Jameson raid, and the result was that when he opened his mouth to speak he was greeted with uproar and cries of 'traitor,' 'cur,' and 'ruffian' from, it is true, a minority, but still a minority strong enough to make its influence predominant for the time. There does not seem to have been much geology that evening, and it was with difficulty that actual warfare was avoided. The jingo spirit of the young lions of the Institute was thoroughly roused, and they roared defiantly at the intruder who dared to profane the temple of jingoism with his presence. It must be gratifying to jingoes all over the empire to know in what good keeping the sacred fire is.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice to contributors.—Any letters or MSS. received by the Editor of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC will be immediately acknowledged in this column.

'DILLY-DADDLE.—I am not quite sure about your *nom-de-plume*, but hope you will recognise my attempt at it! I am always delighted to advise my correspondents, and will give you some hints on furnishing your spare room with pleasure. You say you have a bay window in it. An excellent idea for that is to have a box made to run round it, about two feet high, fitting exactly into the angles. Have it about a foot and a-half wide, divided into three compartments which open by hinges under each window, and form a most delightful receptacle for all sorts of garments, holding also all the extra accessories which you would put away when the room was not in use, or was being used for children, or a youth who would not appreciate your finishing and dainty touches. Make three cushions with a frill of about four inches to fall in front. Chintz, or any pretty cretonne will do. These go neatly on the seat, and of course each easily lifts off if the box underneath has to be opened. For the front and what shows of the sides, tack a piece of the cretonne slightly full close up to the edge of the box when open. The frill from the cushion will quite hide it. A neat double bed—wire mattress, of course, if possible—a good wardrobe, washstand, mirror and table, or shelf, chest of drawers and a chair. If you can possibly manage it a table—it need not be a large one—should be arranged with a blotting case, pens, ink, and some telegraph forms and labels. Paper and envelopes you might put a small quantity of, but people usually bring their own. A substantial pincushion with plenty of pins, black and white, is always useful; a small work-basket, fitted up with all necessaries requisite for speedy mending, and a few books and some papers and magazines give a room a house-like air at once. Of course these are little luxuries, but they are greatly appreciated.

'Molly.—Please yourself. It is entirely a matter for individual consideration. No rule could be laid down to meet a case like the one you mention. Be courteous, however, but from the tone of your note I need hardly remind you what an advantage that will give you. I imagine you are always extremely polite.

'Mr B.—There is not the slightest objection to your sending your photograph to the young lady. I should not think, however, it represents you at your best. However, if, as you say, her mother joined you in urging you to allow your friend to try his skill in reproducing your likeness whilst sewing on a button, she, at all events, cannot object to her daughter receiving the picture. There are few men who look amiable whilst performing what they regard as an unpleasant duty. I once saw a man, however, whom I never thought at all clever, look quite intellectual whilst giving a most painstaking attention to mending one of the largest holes I ever beheld in a sock. So possibly you will wear an expression of supreme content in your novel photograph.

'Topsy.—If the gentleman is driving, of course the lady sits on his left side. If she is the driver she sits on his right. But if the coachman is driving the lady gets into the carriage first, taking the further seat from the door, then the gentleman follows, and chance decides which side of him she sits, as the carriage may be drawn up to the front door or footpath, so that if the lady enters first she sits on the gentleman's right, or *vice versa*. There is no rule about such an obvious arrangement. In a waggone the heaviest person sits on the seat not immediately behind the driver, so as to balance.

THE LATE MR WILLOUGHBY KENNY.

The Auckland Star of the 26th ulto. says:—

'Our readers will regret to be made aware of the death of Mr Willoughby Kenny, who for the last seventeen years has been chief-in-charge of the Newton Post-office. About two months ago he was found to be suffering from dropsy. Medical attendance was immediately procured, under which, at the commencement, some hope was at first entertained, but during the last week it became apparent to members of the household that he was gradually sinking, and he eventually passed quietly away at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

'Mr Kenny belonged to an Irish family. A son of the late Thos. Kelly, Colonel commanding the 105th Regiment, he was born in Burmah in 1845. At an early age he was sent to England to be educated. He went through Winchester College and completed his course of military study at Sandhurst, but relinquishing the idea of army life, he accompanied others of the family to New Zealand. He joined the Postal Department in 1870, and has continued in the performance of his duties till the last two months. He married Henrietta, eldest daughter of the late James Quinlan, barrister and solicitor of Melbourne, and by her who survives him, he leaves three children, one daughter and two sons. The latter are students at the Auckland College and Grammar School. The deceased gentleman was a brother of the Hon. Capt. Courtenay Kenny, M.L.C., and Mr Nepean Kenny, clerk of the Ohinemuri County Council.'



NOTE.—This column is open to all, and the Editor is in no way responsible for the opinions expressed in it.

A 'SCIENTIFIC woman' thus exhorts lady cyclists: 'I do hope that the women of New Zealand, old and young, who are at present great votaries of the wheel, or who are preparing to become such at the earliest possible moment will pause for a minute and listen to a few words on the evil effects of cycling. I will not give my own opinion on the subject, though I may say I had come to the same conclusion as the eminent writer whose dictum on this important point I should like to bring before the readers of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC. She says: "I anticipate quite an inundation of letters from my own sex, protesting against my verdict, when they read that I strongly—and with full conviction that I am right—advise all parents and guardians to forbid their daughters to cycle. It has required a huge amount of courage to write this paragraph, for public opinion (with a few exceptions), is in favour of girls cycling. I say 'with few exceptions' advisedly; for as yet the evil results from cycling are not fully understood; and I regret that I cannot in this column explain the true nature of the internal injuries from which women will suffer in the future who, as girls, have been weak enough to follow a pastime which was only intended for men and boys. Pray don't think that prudish motives have induced me to write in such a strain—far from it. As a girl I used to cricket, and ran races with my brothers; take long tramps, and join in all their reasonable boyish sports, and am none the worse for it now at middle-age. But cycling is a very different thing. Not only is it exhausting to the action of the heart and lungs (as anyone can judge who has heard the spasmodic gasps as the cyclist dashes past), but the internal distortion which inevitably ensues after such violent and unnatural exertion is sufficient to cause dangerous results in the future—at a time when even the most robust woman needs all her strength and soundness of constitution. I need not say more upon the subject, but feel confident that no mother or father will sanction for their daughters a pastime which can only result in pain and misery in after life. Another objectionable feature in cycling for ladies and girls is that it tends greatly to spoil the hands, enlarging the joints, and making the palm of the hand as unpleasantly hard as that of a labourer. Cyclists' gloves will have to be made a size or two larger in the future.'

'May I again trespass on your valuable space,' a former correspondent, 'Waitemata,' asks, 'in order to express my strong approbation of the proposed act of the committees of the Auckland Sunday-school Industrial Exhibition? They most generously say that they propose to devote the money raised by the Exhibition towards increasing the comforts of the poor children in the Hospital? I sincerely trust the money will all be placed in a Fund for the purpose of building a separate cottage home for our poor little sufferers in the large Hospital, and let the children be encouraged to save up their pence and use their brains and hands for the grand purpose of adding to this Fund. It would very soon grow large, and they might have the intense satisfaction of pointing to a comfortable cottage hospital as very largely the results of their own labours. Very little can be done to the present small ward, and it would be far better not to waste any of the money on temporary comforts. Children are very good collectors, and might be supplied with cards to collect money for this good work. That they are persevering and interested in the Hospital is amply shown by the first-rate GRAPHIC Cousins' Cot provided and maintained at the Hospital by the little writers to the Children's Page in this paper. I have already written to you at some length on this subject (GRAPHIC October 3rd) and you have kindly printed my letter. Let me now beg the Auckland public to warmly take up this matter and largely patronise an Exhibition which is to do so much good. May I suggest that the GRAPHIC Cousins' Cot be shown at the Exhibition?'

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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FOUNDER OF THE DILWORTH INSTITUTE.

PUBLIC attention, outside of Auckland, has been directed to the Dilworth Institute by the fact of the trustees having unsuccessfully applied for a remission of the stamp duties on the estate. Our illustration is a picture of the tomb erected to the memory of the munificent donor. The late Mr Dilworth, who was an old resident of Auckland, had, at the time of his death accumulated, chiefly in land, property to the value of about £110,000. Of this sum £10,000 or so was bequeathed in legacies to his relatives, in donations to the Y.M.C.A. and the Jubilee Institute for the Blind, and in annuities to the Anglican Country Clergy's Fund and the Auckland Kindergarten. The remainder he left for the founding of an institute which would afford maintenance, education, and training for young boys of the province of Auckland or of Ulster, Ireland. The heavy preliminary expenses in connection with the management of the bequest have prevented the trustees from beginning the building of the institute on the land intended for it, but they hope at no very distant date to be able to do so.

THE TROUT SEASON.

The River Matai at Nelson is an excellent little trout-trout stream. The fish are not very large, but they are numerous. On the first of last month, the opening of the trout season, Messrs R. A. Sherwood and J. R. Hounsell, two enthusiastic anglers in the district, made two splendid baskets. Between 6.30 in the morning and 3 p.m. they landed between them 96 trout, weighing 70 lbs. Mr Sherwood's catch numbered 59 fish, scaling 41 lbs., and Mr Hounsell's 37 fish, weighing 29 lbs.

DIVING EXTRAORDINARY.

Some wonderful stories are related of the power to remain for a long period under water manifested by natives in the pearl fisheries. But an instance which was lately published exceeds anything we have ever heard. A vessel trading in some of the Pacific groups ran on to a coral reef and staved a big hole in her bottom. Fortunately, the damage was not so great as to defy the pumps, but the captain was at his wits' end for some way to repair the injury. There are no graving docks in that part of the world, he dared not beach the ship, and he could not effectually repair it from within. Knowing the capability which some of the natives have for remaining under water for a time that would seem incredible to Europeans, he engaged two of the most expert men. Supplied with tools and materials, they were lowered over the side, and effected the repairs in a most satisfactory manner. They seemed to work quite easily under water, and only came occasionally to the surface to breathe.

COST OF FIRING BIG CANNON.

THE DAYS are long past, says a writer in Chambers Journal, when we English sang in a free-and-easy way: Two Jolly Frenchmen and one Portuguese, One Jolly Englishman could lick them all three.

We are ready enough now to give our possible adversaries all credit for pluck, and perhaps for technical skill, and yet, as regards practice in the use of their weapons, we still have them at an immeasurable disadvantage. This factor is commonly omitted from newspaper comparisons, but it would probably have more weight than any other in determining the issue of an actual struggle. Two duelists may each have lion hearts and each the best Damascus blades, but if one has ten times more practice in the art of fencing than the other, it is long odds that he will win. So it is with our navy; it has a far greater knowledge of ships acquired by actual manœuvring at sea, and a far greater knowledge of guns acquired by actual firing practice than any other power. And the reason of this is precisely because such knowledge is a very expensive thing to acquire, and England is the only nation that cares to afford it.

It is probable that where France, the next naval power, spends one million in sea cruising and gun firing we spend five. From every gun in our navy having a calibre of ten inches and under there are fired each quarter, or three months, eight rounds of ammunition by way of practice, and from all guns heavier than ten-inch, four rounds a quarter, irrespective of the additional rounds used in the annual 'prize firing.' The heavy expenditure involved in this item alone may be hinted at by observing that every full round fired from a six-inch gun costs £16, from an eight-inch gun £30, from a twelve-inch gun £123, and from the 16.25-inch, or 130-ton gun, as much as £300. And these figures are only a small part of the story, for the life of a very heavy gun is not a long one; and though a six-inch gun can fire as many as 500 rounds, 70 or 80 full rounds are the limit of the 110-ton; after firing that amount they will both require a new inner tube, a costly matter enough.

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Copies can be obtained at the Auckland Chamber of Mines, at the Star and GRAPHIC Office, Auckland, or at the Star and GRAPHIC Branch Office, Custom House Quay, Wellington.

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MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

A DULL week on the Exchange closed with a decidedly better feeling notwithstanding the end of the month. This was due to the fact that within the last few days cablegrams have been received frequently from London regarding various mining properties, thus pointing to an improvement in that market. In the case of the Waitaia mine at Kuaotunu the balance of the purchase money has been handed over in London, and several properties held by local syndicates have also been taken over, so that although the volume of transactions on the Exchange has not yet increased much, still there is every prospect that the bottom has been touched, and that the next move will be upwards. During the week Crowns have found steady buyers, the last sale being at 48s 6d. Talismans changed hands several times, but at a concession on previous rates. Waitotabis were still wanted at 42s 6d, and Sheridans had business at 3s 11d and 4s, but beyond this Thames stocks were neglected, as were also Kuaotunu and Coromandel shares, generally speaking. In Upper Thames stocks Grace Darlings had fair business, and towards the close Waipi Souths advanced at from 18 6d to 2s 2d, otherwise there were few changes in value. From present appearances the second week in November should see better business.

HAURAKI ASSOCIATED.

The English Company that recently acquired this Coromandel property have no cause to rue their bargain. This week a parcel of 10 tons of ore and 4 cwt of specimen stone from the Pride of Tokatea was treated at the Moanataiari Company's battery. It yielded 164oz 15dwts of gold, worth £2 17s 3d per ounce. The yield is therefore a splendid one, being £471 12s from about 10½ tons of ore. During the week another 90lbs of picked stone were also obtained in the mine, and it would seem as if a patch of specimens is at hand. The Pride of Tokatea mine was sold in Liverpool by Messrs Porter and Hampson to the Hauraki Associated Gold Reefs Company. Local shareholders had a good thing, as they received a cash payment equal to the original price of the shares, and also 213 paid-up shares in the English Company for every 100 held in the Pride of Tokatea.

ADELAIDE.

The developments in this Thames mine are watched with considerable interest, as what is believed to be a valuable reef should shortly be met with. A lode was intersected in the crosscut this week which measures from 6in to 1ft in thickness, and contains splendid minerals with colours of gold freely showing. At present the lode has been merely cut into and the footwall reached, but when the whole body is broken down there is every chance of it proving a strongly defined reef. It is intended after passing through this lode to continue the crosscut until the calculated downward strike of the main reef is met with, which it is thought will be cut in another 17ft of driving.

BRITANNIA.

PURCHASE MONEY PAID.

News was received from London during the week that the £900 balance in connection with the purchase of the Britannia Goldmining Company had been deposited with the Attorney of the Company in London. The total purchase money amounting to £1,200 had previously been received, and the £900 now received is a refund of working expenses agreed to by the London purchasers. The Britannia mine is favourably situated at Coromandel.

WHANGAMATA PROPRIETARY.

If evidence were wanting that the London market is reviving as regards New Zealand mines it is shown by the fact that the balance of the purchase money amounting to £5,000 has been duly paid by the English Company, one half on the 30th of September, and the re-

mainder within the last few days. The Syndicate has now taken over the property and commenced the work of development.

A GOOD YIELD.

A parcel of rich specimens obtained from the Lillias claim at Waikromokio was treated this week with very satisfactory results. In all 150lbs of stone was crushed, the returns being 381 ozs of gold estimated to be worth £1,043. This property is held by a private syndicate.

KAPAI-VERMONT.

A BETTER RETURN.

Ore of better grade was crushed this month by the Kapaivermont Company at Kuaotunu, 200 tons having yielded 264ozs of gold, valued at £660. This is a decided improvement upon last month's yield, when 198 tons of ore only returned 210oz of gold.

SCANDINAVIAN.

AN OPTION GRANTED.

The directors of this Company granted an option for the flotation of the property on the London market on the following terms:—That a new company be formed with a capital of £110,000 in £1 shares, working capital £25,000, vendors to receive 20,000 fully paid-up shares and £2,000 cash, a deposit of £500 to be paid for a three months' option upon the signing of the contract.

WAITAIA.

THE MINE TRANSFERRED.

The directors of this Kuaotunu Company this week received intimation that the balance of the cash and shares for the purchase of this property had been handed over to the bank in London, and also were instructed to transfer the property to the new Company, which is to be known as the Waitaia Gold Mines (Limited). The result of the sale is £3,000 cash and 30,000 shares of £1 in a £100,000 company, equal to 1s per share cash and one share for every two to present shareholders.

MINING NOTES.

Fleming Freehold (Tauranga).—It is stated that the property has been taken over by a powerful syndicate. Gold is showing in the hanging wall portion of the reef in the lower level, which is 28 feet wide where cut, and widens when driven upon.

Waitaia (Kuaotunu).—First-class crushing dirt has been coming to hand from this drive. The leader averages 10 inches in width.

Inca.—Shareholders in this Company authorised the directors to sell the whole of the property of the Company at such price and upon such terms and conditions as they shall see fit.

Royal (Tapu).—At the intermediate level gold can be seen through the ore, and the reef, which measures from 3 to 4 feet in width, looks very promising.

Talisman (Karangahake).—The register of the local Company was closed this week.

Waipi Gladstone.—Mr James Finlayson and Mr Henry Brett have been appointed local directors of this Company. It is intended to push on development operations vigorously.

British (Puhupuhi).—Stone showing gold obtained on this mine assayed at the rate of £10 6s per ton of silver and £7 14s of gold.

White Star.—A reef is being opened out, stone from which assayed £13 per ton.

One Eliza (Te Puke).—The leader has widened out to 12 inches, and gold shows all through the stone.

Dickson's Lead and Union (Owharoa).—Two well-defined lodes, nine feet and seven feet wide respectively, have been cut by driving on different parts of the immense lode formation on the north side of the Waitaia stream. This property comprises several claims in one block of nearly 300 acres.

Mata Reef.—The manager telegraphed to-day:—A good reef was struck in this mine ten feet wide, which gives good dish prospects.

Alburnia East (Thames).—A reef two feet wide, charged with bright minerals was cut in this mine.

Mountain Flower.—The annual meeting was held in the Bank of New Zealand Buildings. The statement of accounts showed a balance of £322 at the Company's credit.

Pride of Hauraki.—The half-yearly meeting lapsed for want of a quorum. The balance sheets showed receipts £531 5s, and payments £467 12s 4d, leaving a credit balance of £63 12s 8d.

Magazine.—The annual meeting was held at the offices of Mr D. G. MacDonnell. The balance-sheet showed the cash in hand to be £21 11s 8d.

Whangaruru (Whangarei).—A rush has set in for Whangaruru and applications are already lodged for claims. A reef was found by prospectors 30 feet wide, showing free gold.

New Alburnia (Thames).—It has been decided to deepen the shaft 400 feet. The shaft is already down 360 feet.

Caspian (Thames).—The Vale of Avoca reef is 12 inches wide, and colours of gold are seen at every breaking down.

Golden Link (Kuatunu).—The reef at the low level is 2 feet 6 inches wide, and gives a small prospect of gold by panning.

City of Auckland (Thames).—There is every appearance of this shoot of gold carrying down to a great depth in this mine.

Golden Point.—When breaking down the lode this week some very nice gold came to hand.

Alburnia East.—In breaking down reef in the drive this week strong colours of gold were seen distributed through the stone.

Rangipuhi.—Several reefs from 2 to 4 feet in width have been located, but so far no gold has been seen in them.

Kuatunu.—An unknown reef has been cut 4ft thick, and gives excellent dish prospects.

Moā (Whangamata).—A general meeting of shareholders in the above Company was held this week, at which resolutions were carried authorising the sale of the property, an option for flotation being granted on the following terms:—A company to be formed with a capital of £100,000 in 100,000 shares, vendors to receive £2,000 cash and 25,000 paid-up shares.

Conservative (Thames).—The reef on the inside of this break is a strong body.

Talisman Extended (Karangahake).—The Marmion Extended reef assayed at the rate of £3 10s per ton.

Duke of Argyll (Kennedy Bay).—The gold obtained from No. 2 reef is the best prospect yet obtained on the claim.

May Queen Extended (Thames).—About 28 loads of quartz have been forwarded to the battery for treatment.

Nellie (Whangamata).—The reef measures 87 feet, and it is expected to get the wall in about another 20 feet. It is a fine body of free milling ore and carries a little gold by panning and is highly mineralised.

South British (Karangahake).—What appears to be a big body of stone is appearing in the face very heavily mineralised and carrying a little gold.

Waitekauri South.—The Gordon reef in the low level is still improving, and gives encouraging prospects.

Hauraki North (Coromandel).—Gold showing in the quartz at No. 2 level in this mine.

Mata Reefs (Tapu).—The reef is a splendid one fully 10 feet wide, and giving good dish prospects.

Golden Anchor.—In the low level the new reef of 8 feet is a fine body of stone.

Rising Sun.—A new gold-bearing reef has been discovered in the winze.

Gumdigger Company (Port Charles).—One hundred-weight of ore from a 14ft reef in the Gumdigger Company yielded at the rate of £6 2s 10d per ton.

Waitekauri South.—Another gold-bearing reef has been cut in the trench.

Victoria (Thames).—Fair prospects are being met with in the winze below No 2 level, which has been just started.

A.J.C. (Kennedy Bay).—The nine inch leader still shows gold in the stone, and the big reefs continue to prospect well.

Nil Desperandum (Tairua).—The directors of this Company have agreed, subject to ratification by the shareholders, to amalgamate with the Rosebery Company. The united company will then have £1,250 in hand to develop the property.

Komata View.—This property is being prospected by an English syndicate. It is situated on the strike of the Marototo reef, and two crosscuts are under way to intersect these lodes.

Mataura.—The annual meeting of shareholders took place yesterday in Mr W. H. Churton's office. The balance sheet showed receipts £950, and the expenditure £462 16s 11d, leaving a balance in hand of £527 3s 11d.

Hikutai Syndicate.—At No. 6 level ore of exceedingly good grade is being got. The lode carries with it a seam 12 to 15 inches wide in the centre giving some high assays. The reef at this point is fully 12ft wide. Some 30 men are busy on the syndicate's property.

MEETINGS OF SHAREHOLDERS.

Annual or half-yearly meetings were commenced in connection with the following mining companies during the week:—

Golden Tokatea.—The annual general meeting was held at the office of Mr W. R. Waters. Mr W. Ledingham presided. The statement of accounts showed a credit balance in hand of £231 6s 6d.

Morning Star.—The half-yearly meeting lapsed for want of a quorum. The balance-sheet shows receipts £559 2s 3d, expenditure £244 9s, leaving a balance to credit of Company at Bank of New Zealand £314 13s 2d.

Zion.—The annual meeting was held in the Bank of New Zealand Buildings. The statement of accounts showed a balance of £402 6s 4d at the Company's credit.

Sovereign.—The annual meeting was held at the office of Mr D. G. MacDonnell. The directors' report stated there was £810 9s 5d cash still in hand.

Bay View.—The half-yearly general meeting was held at the offices of Mr J. H. Harrison. The directors' report stated that the mine was now being worked by the New Zealand Exploration Company with twelve men, they having paid a deposit of £500 for the option till December 31st with the right of a further extension of time for four months on the payment of another £500. The balance-sheet showed a credit of £406 9s.

Napier.—The first annual meeting lapsed for want of a quorum. The balance-sheet showed the cash in hand to be £153 0s 8d, the expenditure having been £226 4s for wages, £19 2s 5d for mining material, £43 for management and directors, and £53 for reports, rents, etc.

Adelaide.—The general half-yearly meeting lapsed for want of a quorum. The statement of accounts showed the total receipts to be £1,387 12s 10d, while there was a cash balance of £193 14s 10d.

Big Reef.—At a special general meeting of shareholders at Mr W. Clark's office, a resolution was passed authorising the directors to alter or in any way vary the terms of the option held by Mr H. Bastings for the purchase of the Company's properties.

Diadem.—The half-yearly general meeting of this Company was held at the office of Mr E. J. White. The balance-sheet showed that the expenditure for the period ending 30th September was £558 12s 10d, leaving a credit balance of £341 18s 11d.

Komata.—A formal meeting of shareholders in the original Komata Company was called to receive the report of the liquidator, Mr S. H. Matthews. The meeting, however, lapsed.

Queen of Waihi.—The annual meeting of shareholders in the above company was held in Mr D. G. MacDonnell's office. The statement of accounts showed total receipts £2,000 14s, and the expenditure left a credit balance of £211 9s 6d.

Pigmy.—The annual meeting of the above company was held at the office of Mr Elliot. The directors' report stated that the property was in the hands of the International Gold Syndicate, Limited, who had paid a deposit of £500 for the option, and had manned the ground for the term of option. The statement of accounts showed a credit balance of £704 13s 4d.

Golden Link.—The annual meeting of this Company was held at Mr S. C. Mackay's office. The balance-sheet showed the receipts £805 16s, and after meeting all expenses there remained a balance of £100 16s.

Bell Rock.—The annual meeting of shareholders in this Company was held at the office of Mr S. C. Mackay. The statement of accounts showed receipts £1,405, and expenditure, £801 12s 10d, leaving a credit balance of £603 7s 11d.

Chelt.—The annual meeting of shareholders in this Company took place in Messrs White Bros.' office. The statement of accounts showed total receipts were £741 9s 2d; the mining expenditure, £618 6s 1d; general expenditure, £109 5s 10d; and the available balance, £64 12s 5d.

Prospect.—The annual meeting of this Company was held at Mr J. H. Harrison's office. The balance-sheet showed the cash in bank to be £45 6s 3d, the balance from receipts during the year totalling £613 11s 5d.

Wynyardton.—The general meeting of shareholders called at the office of Mr J. H. Harrison lapsed for want of a quorum. The cash in bank is £100 3s 6d.

Mount Aurum.—The annual meeting of shareholders was held at the office of Mr J. H. Harrison. The balance sheet showed cash in bank £236 18s 2d. The following were elected directors:—Messrs H. R. Cooke, Jas. Harrison, and W. D. Buttle.

Coromandel Freehold Proprietary.—The half-yearly meeting of shareholders was held at the office of Mr H. Gillfillan. The accounts showed the receipts to be £1,350 19s 3d. The expenditure had been £1,266 3s 3d, and there was a balance in hand of £84 16s, besides a sum of £250 on fixed deposit.

Creasant.—The half-yearly meeting of shareholders was held in Mr H. Gillfillan's office. The statement of accounts showed receipts £872 2s 6d, and the expenditure left a balance in hand of £249 6s 4d.

Hit-or-Miss.—The annual meeting of shareholders was held at the office of Mr J. H. Harrison. The statement of accounts showed a credit balance in bank and on hand of £59 12s 10d.

Premier.—The annual meeting was held at the office of Mr W. H. Churton. The statement of accounts showed a balance in hand of £64 11s 6d.

Golden Lion.—The half-yearly meeting of shareholders lapsed for want of a quorum. The statement of accounts showed a balance at Bank of £52 17s 6d.

Waihi Monument.—The annual meeting of shareholders was held in Mr D. G. Macdonnell's office. The statement of accounts showed total receipts, £2,217 12s, including £690 from the Sea View Company. The expenditure left a credit balance of £1,154 19s 7d.

SHARE LIST.

AUCKLAND MINES.

CAPITAL	COMPANIES.	SHARES ISSUED.	MARKET RATE.
£		£	s d.
8,000	Arawata, N.L., 2s	80,000	
8,000	Anglo Saxon, N.L., 2s	80,000	
3,500	Alpine Fluke, N.L., 1s	70,000	0 0 4
8,500	Ake Ake, N.L., 2s	85,000	
10,000	Atlas, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 1 1
8,000	A.J.C., N.L., 2s	80,000	
8,250	Alburnia East, N.L., 3s	55,000	0 1 2
20,000	Adelaide, N.L., 5s	80,695	0 2 0
7,500	Alpha, N.L., 3s	55,000	0 7 0
9,000	Asteroid, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 0 3
13,500	Ajax, N.L., 3s	90,000	0 0 5 1/2
11,250	A.I. N.L., 3s	75,000	0 0 2
6,000	Aorera, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 0 4
6,000	Aurora, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 0 4
7,000	Alert, N.L., 2s	70,000	0 0 3
12,000	Albert, N.L., 3s	70,000	0 2 1
3,500	Beacon Hill, N.L., 1s	70,000	0 0 5 1/2
15,000	Belmont, N.L., 2s 6d	120,000	0 0 5
3,000	Boat Harbour, N.L., 1s	70,000	
3,000	Bay View, N.L., 1s	60,000	0 1 4
8,000	Britannia, N.L., 2s	800,000	0 1 8
6,000	Brilliant, N.L., 3s	35,500	
15,000	Bunker's Hill, Ltd., 5s	60,000	0 5 0
10,000	Buffalo, N.L., 2s 6d	80,000	0 0 8
8,250	Broken Hill, Ltd., 3s	55,000	0 1 4
20,000	Bell Rock, N.L., 5s	80,000	0 0 4
12,000	Balfour, N.L., 3s	70,000	0 0 9
9,000	British Empire, N.L., 3s	60,000	0 0 6
9,000	Bendigo, N.L., 2s	90,000	0 0 8
6,000	Big Reef, N.L., 1s	120,000	0 0 10
17,500	Byron Bay, N.L., 5s	60,000	0 1 1
10,000	Boss, N.L., 2s	100,000	
3,000	Crown Royal, N.L., 1s	60,000	
3,000	Champion, N.L., 1s	60,000	
4,500	Cadman N.L., 1s	90,000	
7,000	Coromandel Queen, N.L., 2s	70,000	
9,000	Coromandel Mint N.L., 3s	60,000	
8,000	Conquest, N.L., 2s	80,000	
7,000	Crown Imperial, N.L., 6d	70,000	0 0 6
9,000	Coromandel Mint, N.L., 2s	60,000	
18,750	City of Auckland, N.L., 5s	75,000	0 2 0
8,000	Cuvier Light, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 6
9,000	Carnage, N.L., 3s	60,000	0 0 6
7,000	Curasser, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 0 8
60,000	Canbrix, Ltd., 20s	44,700	0 2 7
15,000	Cardigan, Ltd., 3s	100,000	
9,000	Constock, Ltd., 3s	100,000	0 10
7,500	Clunes, N.L., 3s	50,000	0 1 0
13,500	Conservative, N.L., 3s	55,000	0 0 7
6,000	Coronet, N.L., 1s 6d	80,000	
8,000	Club, N.L., 2s	80,000	
8,000	Conquering Hero, N.L., 2s	57,000	0 0 7
18,750	Coromandel Pty., N.L., 2s	150,000	0 1 3
14,000	Central, N.L., 4s (ex. div.)	70,000	0 2 6
6,875	Chelt, N.L., 2s 6d	55,000	0 0 6
15,000	Creasant, N.L., 3s	140,000	0 0 4
11,000	Criterion, N.L., 2s	101,992	0 1 0
7,500	City of Gisborne, N.L., 1s 6d	80,000	0 1 1
8,000	Caspian, N.L., 2s	80,000	
3,050	Charleston, N.L., 1s	61,000	
9,000	Coldstream, N.L., 2s	90,000	
6,000	Darwin, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 1 3
4,000	Duke of Argyll, N.L., 2s	40,000	0 0 6
12,000	Day Dawn, N.L., 4s	60,000	0 0 9
3,750	Dorothy, N.L., 2s	75,000	
9,000	Dr. Jim, N.L., 2s	90,000	0 0 7
12,000	Diadem, N.L., 3s	75,000	0 0 5
4,000	Devon Consols, N.L., 1s	80,000	
9,000	Excelsior, N.L., 3s	49,195	0 0 6 1/2
7,000	Empire, N.L., 1s	70,000	0 0 2
4,250	Empress, N.L., 1s	60,000	0 0 7
7,500	Eureka, N.L., 3s	50,000	0 0 5
8,000	Evening Star, N.L., 2s	80,000	
7,000	Electric, N.L., 2s	70,000	
12,000	Esperanza, N.L., 3s	60,000	
5,000	Exchange, N.L., 2s	50,000	
10,000	Elvira, N.L., 2s	80,000	
20,000	Express, N.L., 4s	100,000	
7,500	Fortuna No. 2, N.L., 2s	75,000	0 0 7
12,000	Freedom, N.L., 3s	80,000	0 0 4
6,000	Four-in-Hand, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 2 6
7,000	Fabulous, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 0 6
3,500	Fiery Cross, N.L., 1s	70,000	0 1 0
3,000	Gem of Tiki, N.L., 1s	60,000	
6,000	Golden Opportunity, N.L., 2s	42,625	0 0 4
7,000	Golden Horn, N.L., 2s	70,000	0 1 4
6,000	Germanic, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 10
100,000	Golden Point, N.L., 20s	100,000	0 1 10
10,500	Golden Crown, N.L., 3s	70,000	0 0 6
7,500	Golden Hill, N.L., 3s	50,000	0 0 6
5,000	Gem of Hauraki, N.L., 1s	100,000	
15,000	Golden Hill Ext'd, N.L., 1s	100,000	0 0 4
6,000	Golden Band, N.L., 1s 6d	80,000	
4,000	Grand Triple, N.L., 1s	80,000	
7,000	Golden Lead, N.L., 2s	70,000	0 1 0
7,000	Golden Tokatea, N.L., 2s	70,000	0 0 8
10,000	Golden Link, N.L., 2s 6d	80,000	0 1 3
6,000	Golden Anchor, N.L., 3s	60,000	0 1 0
10,500	Golden Lion, N.L., 3s	55,000	0 0 4
10,500	Golden Fleece, N.L., 3s	60,000	0 0 7
3,000	Golden King, N.L., 1s	65,000	
6,000	Goodenough, N.L., 1s 6d	80,000	
7,000	Golden Caledonia, N.L., 2s	70,000	
8,000	Golden Waitekauri, N.L., 2s	80,000	
12,000	Golden Spur, N.L., 3s	65,000	0 0 4
30,000	Grace Darling, Ltd., 10s	60,000	0 4 0
7,000	Great United, N.L., 2s	65,000	0 0 6
10,500	Glady's, N.L., 3s	70,000	0 0 3
12,000	Great Kapanga, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 10
5,000	Great Barrier, N.L., 1s	60,000	0 4 0
8,000	Grand Triple, N.L., 2s	80,000	
3,000	Grand Barrier Extended, 1s	60,000	
7,500	Golden Planet, N.L., 1s 6d	100,000	
7,500	Harp of Tara, N.L., 1s 6d	100,000	0 1 0
15,700	Hauraki No. 2, N.L., 3s	80,000	0 2 4
100,000	Hauraki North, Ltd., 20s	100,000	0 7 3
10,000	Hawke's Freehold, N.L., 2s	100,000	
8,000	Hinton, N.L., 2s	80,000	
15,000	Hauraki South, N.L., 4s	60,000	0 2 4
8,000	Harbour View, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 6
10,500	Hazelbank, Ltd., 5s	42,000	0 0 6
12,500	Heitman's Freehold, N.L., 2s 6d	80,000	0 0 3
9,000	Hercules, N.L., 3s	80,000	0 0 11
15,000	Hit or Miss, N.L., 5s	60,000	0 1 2
8,000	Herald, N.L., 2s	80,000	
9,000	Huanui, 3s	50,000	0 1 3
8,000	Helard, N.L., 2s	65,000	
4,000	Inca No. 1, N.L., 1s	80,000	
3,500	Iolanthe, N.L., 1s	60,000	
11,000	Imperial, N.L., 3s	100,000	0 2 2
12,000	Ivanhoe, N.L., 2s	120,000	0 1 0
7,500	Invicta, N.L., 2s	75,000	0 0 4
6,500	Invicta North, N.L., 2s	65,000	0 0 3
1,500	It Try, N.L., 6d	60,000	
3,000	Iona, N.L., 1s	60,000	

CAPITAL.	COMPANIES.	SHARES ISSUED.	MARKET RATE.
5,000	King Solomon, N.L., 2s	50,000	0 0 5
25,000	Kapai-Vermont, N.L., 5s	100,000	0 10 0
6,000	Kaotunu, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 2 0
100,000	Katie, Ltd., 20s	100,000	0 0 10
14,000	Karangahake, N.L., 4s	60,000	0 0 9
37,500	Kinsella Freehold, N.L., 5s	100,000	0 0 10
10,000	King of Whangamata, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 0 5
12,500	King of Waipi, N.L., 2s 6d	24,000	0 0 3
15,000	Kaiser, N.L., 5s	60,000	0 1 10
15,000	Kaitake, N.L., 1s	80,000	0 0 10
2,000	Le Grand, N.L., 1s	40,000	0 0 10
25,000	Lone Hand, Ltd., 10s	50,000	0 1 0
4,000	Look Out, N.L., 1s	80,000	0 0 10
4,000	Ludas, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 10
3,250	La Mascotte, N.L., 1s	65,000	0 0 4
5,000	Lorna Doon, N.L., 1s	100,000	0 0 4
90,000	Martha Extended, N.L., 20s	80,000	0 0 10
4,000	Mount Catherine, Ltd., 1s	80,000	0 0 10
7,500	Moranatairi North, N.L., 2s	50,000	0 0 8
7,500	Moranatairi Extd., N.L., 2s 6d	60,000	0 0 7
15,000	Monowai, Ltd., 5s	60,000	0 6 0
39,500	May Queen, Ltd., 10s	79,000	0 11 6
15,000	May Queen Extd., N.L., 3s	100,000	0 1 1
10,000	Magazine, N.L., 2s	70,000	0 0 7
6,250	Mata Reefs, N.L., 1s	170,000	0 0 6
6,500	Maiora, N.L., 2s	65,000	0 0 10
6,000	Matarangi, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 0 10
8,000	Moa, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 8 1/2
4,000	Miowera United, N.L., 1s	80,000	0 0 6
10,500	Martner, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 0 6
8,750	Maritana, N.L., 2s 6d	60,000	0 0 11
15,000	Morion Pura, N.L., 1s	100,000	0 0 11
12,000	Mount Waipi, N.L., 4s	60,000	0 0 5
90,000	Maori Dream, N.L., 3s	60,000	0 1 6
12,000	Maoriland, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 2 0
10,500	Midas, N.L., 3s	60,000	0 1 0
8,000	Monarch of All, N.L., 2s	10,000	0 0 3
8,000	Mount Aurum, 2s	80,000	0 0 2
8,000	Mountain Flower, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 2
4,000	Mount Argentum, N.L., 1s	80,000	0 1 4
6,000	Matawai, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 0 4
15,000	Mataura, N.L., 2s	90,000	0 0 5
15,000	My Sweetheart, N.L., 2s 6d	100,000	0 0 3
10,000	Melisaacs, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 0 6
10,000	Marco Polo, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 0 3
6,000	Nestor, N.L., 1s 6d	54,750	0 0 4
7,500	New Whau, N.L., 3s	100,000	0 0 9
10,000	North Star, N.L., 4s	50,000	0 0 6
11,250	New Zealander, N.L., 3s	75,000	0 0 4
10,000	North, N.L., 2s	70,000	0 0 6
12,000	Napier, N.L., 3s	80,000	0 0 9
7,000	New Mint, N.L., 2s	70,000	0 0 1 6
7,500	New Golconda, N.L., 2s	75,000	0 0 1 1
8,000	New Tokates, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 4
8,000	Norcas, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 4
6,750	Nollie, N.L., 1s 6d	90,000	0 0 10
2,500	New Munster, N.L., 6d	100,000	0 0 10
3,500	New Tararu, N.L., 1s	70,000	0 0 10
8,000	Nil Desperandum, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 5
8,000	Nonpariel, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 6
10,000	Ohinemuri, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 6
15,000	Ohu, N.L., 3s	100,000	0 0 7
37,500	Owharoa, Ltd., 10s	75,000	0 0 3 0
9,000	Owharoa United, N.L., 3s	60,000	0 0 4 1/2
7,500	Ophir, N.L., 2s	75,000	0 0 4
10,000	Orlando, Ltd., 5s	40,000	0 0 9
6,000	Occidental, N.L., 1s 6d	80,000	0 0 8
8,000	Oriental, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 4
10,000	Orion, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 0 10
10,000	Oceania, N.L., 2s 6d	60,000	0 1 0
5,000	Omega, N.L., 1s	10,000	0 0 10
15,000	Oakley, Ltd., 3s	100,000	0 0 9
9,000	Ptolemy, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 9
15,000	Princess May, N.L., 3s	100,000	0 0 4 1/2
9,750	Progress-Castle Rock, N.L., 3s	65,000	0 1 6
13,500	Pigmy, N.L., 2s	75,000	0 0 9
8,000	Puru Consolidated, N.L., 2s	29,000	0 5 1 1/2
12,500	Puriri, Ltd., 5s	45,000	0 2 4
5,500	Puriri, Ltd., 2s	55,000	0 0 6
9,000	Phenix, N.L., 3s	60,000	0 0 4
7,000	Prince Regent, N.L., 2s	70,000	0 0 4
12,000	Prospect, N.L., 3s	80,000	0 0 6
12,000	Premier, N.L., 3s	64,000	0 0 4
3,250	Pride of Hauraki, N.L., 1s	46,250	0 0 9
8,000	Plunger, N.L., 2s	70,000	0 0 10
4,000	Prince of Wales, N.L., 1s	80,000	0 0 6
10,000	Pandora, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 0 8
25,000	Queen of Waipi, N.L., 5s	80,000	0 1 0
10,000	Queen Victoria, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 0 7
3,000	Queen Madge, N.L., 1s	60,000	0 0 10
9,000	Queen Annie, N.L., 2s	90,000	0 0 10
8,000	Rosebery, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 4
12,500	Royal, Ltd., 5s	50,000	0 1 4
10,000	Rangitira, N.L., 3s	60,000	0 0 6
7,500	Rothschild, N.L., 2s 6d	60,000	0 0 6
12,500	Rising Sun, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 0 9 1/2
4,000	Rangapuhi, N.L., 1s	80,000	0 0 10
10,500	Royal Shield, N.L., 2s 6d	75,000	0 0 5
4,000	Royal Sovereign, N.L., 1s	80,000	0 0 5
10,000	Russell, N.L., 2s	95,000	0 1 0
2,000	Rainbow, N.L., 2s	20,000	0 3 9
8,000	Rotokohu, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 10
5,000	Specimen Hill, N.L., 1s	90,000	0 0 7
8,000	Sybil, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 7
7,500	Sherridan, N.L., 3s	50,000	0 3 11
14,000	South British, N.L., 4s	85,285	0 0 6
6,000	Sterling, N.L., 2s	60,000	0 0 10
18,750	Star of Waitekauri, N.L., 3s	86,500	0 1 0
6,000	Stanley, N.L., 2s	85,000	0 1 0
12,000	Scandinavian, N.L., 3s	75,000	0 0 8
15,000	Sovereign, N.L., 3s	100,000	0 1 1
12,000	Sir Julius, N.L., 4s	60,000	0 0 4
10,000	St. Patrick, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 8
7,500	Star of Waipi, N.L., 1s 6d	80,000	0 0 4
24,000	Tairua Proprietary, N.L., 5s	91,200	0 1 2
3,500	Tararu Extended, N.L., 1s	70,000	0 0 10
4,000	Tribby, N.L., 1s	80,000	0 0 10
25,000	Talisman, Ltd., 5s	80,000	0 14 6
3,750	Temple Bar, N.L., 1s	75,000	0 0 10
5,000	Three Star, N.L., 1s	100,000	0 0 10

CAPITAL.	COMPANIES.	SHARES ISSUED.	MARKET RATE.
22,500	Talisman Extended, Ltd., 3s	129,000	0 2 0
12,750	Teatone, N.L., 2s	65,000	0 0 5
4,500	Tapu Fluke, Ltd., 2s	37,000	0 0 9
9,750	Tandem, N.L., 3s	65,000	0 0 10
12,000	Tamihana, N.L., 4s	60,000	0 0 10
10,625	Ulysses, N.L., 2s 6d	85,000	0 0 7
9,000	Union Jack, N.L., 2s	90,000	0 0 10
30,000	Victoria, N.L., 5s	120,000	0 3 8
8,000	Vanderbilt N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 10
3,750	Vulcan, N.L., 1s	65,000	0 0 10
9,000	West Derby, N.L., 2s	90,000	0 0 9
10,000	Waitekauri Central, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 0 10
3,700	Waipuru, N.L., 1s 6d	50,000	0 1 0
18,000	Waioatahi, Ltd., 60s	6,000	2 3 0
17,500	Welcome Find, Ltd., 5s	70,000	0 3 6
15,000	Waitaita, Ltd., 5s	60,000	0 4 0
6,500	Waverley, N.L., 2s	65,000	0 2 0
14,000	Wealth of Nations, N.L., 4s	60,000	0 0 9
5,000	Woodstock North, Ltd., 2s	50,000	0 0 3
17,500	Wynardton, N.L., 5s	70,000	0 0 6
10,000	Ward Proprietary, N.L., 2s	100,000	0 0 5
12,750	Waitekauri No. 2, N.L., 3s	82,700	0 0 8
14,000	Waitekauri South, N.L., 4s	55,000	0 1 0
8,250	Waitekauri Queen, N.L., 3s	55,000	0 0 4
7,500	Waitekauri King, N.L., 2s	75,000	0 0 11
11,000	Waipi Pinnacle, N.L., 1s	220,000	0 0 6
9,000	Waipi Reefs, 4s	45,000	0 0 10
5,000	Waipi Welcome, N.L., 1s	100,000	0 0 8
7,000	Wheel Bassett, N.L., 2s	70,000	0 0 8
3,000	Waite, N.L., 1s	60,000	0 0 10
22,500	Waipi South, Ltd., 3s	150,000	0 2 4
20,000	Waipi Monument, N.L., 5s	100,000	0 0 3
17,500	Waipi Consols, N.L., 2s	150,000	0 0 11
6,250	Waitekauri Monarch, N.L., 2s	65,000	0 0 6
8,500	Waitekauri Prince, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 11
8,000	Waipi Mint, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 6
5,000	Waipi Dredging, N.L., 1s	100,000	0 0 11
150,000	Waipi Extended, Ltd., 20s	100,000	0 0 3
5,000	Waitekauri Reefs, N.L., 1s	100,000	0 0 10
12,310	Wairoa, N.L., 2s	120,000	0 0 10
8,000	Wanona, N.L., 2s	80,000	0 0 10
11,250	Young New Zealand, N.L., 5s	65,000	0 1 1
12,000	Zion, N.L., 3s	65,000	0 0 11
20,000	Zealandia, N.L., 2s	150,000	0 1 11

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2



At their concert last week the Auckland Choral Society gave a double programme, including Weber's celebrated mass in G and Sir Arthur Sullivan's 'The Prodigal Son.' The former work is one of great and striking beauty, and easy of comprehension even by an amateur audience. As performed by the Society it appealed very strongly to those present, and was most favourably received. Professor Schmitt had taken much trouble in the preparation, with the result that both orchestra and singers came to the work in good form. The chorus numbered 105 voices, and the orchestra was 36 players strong. The solos were taken by Mrs Chambers (soprano), Miss Gilliland (contralto), Mr J. Ferriday (tenor), and Mr W. Astley (baritone). Mrs Chambers sang with much grace and precision. She has a very tuneful voice, and her notes are all clear and sharp. She gave the 'Dona Nobis Pacem' with true feeling and an unexpected display of power. The contralto was careful and melodious, and the two gentlemen sang their respective parts conscientiously and with pleasing effect. Much of the choral work of the mass is singularly fine, and the chorus invariably gave it justice. The voices were in good volume, spirited and alert. Such numbers as 'Cum Sancto Spiritu' took captive the audience at once. Those who have learned to love Sullivan's music and, perhaps, to rate it a little too highly on occasions—and the class is a very numerous one—will hardly be prepared to hear any of his compositions accorded anything but the highest praise. It can hardly be claimed, however, that 'The Prodigal Son' is a piece of the highest musical order. It is undoubtedly good, as most that Sir Arthur does is good, but there is nothing very striking in it. The performance so far as the orchestra and singers were concerned was deserving of all commendation. The chorus was effective, the instrumentalists well up to their work, and the soloists sang with much discretion, feeling, and effect.

The sailors of H.M.S. 'Lizard' gave a benefit concert in Picton for the Hospital, which, despite the short notice, was largely attended, and has brought in a nice little sum for that institution. The performers were Messrs J. Szymour, J. Balmforth, W. Robinson, M. Manias, R. Ruppert, and N. Brooke. A sketch entitled 'Black Justice' was performed, and an Irish jig by Messrs Manias and Ellis was capably performed, and fairly brought down the house.

At Miss Laura Shirley-Baker's 'At Home,' given in her father's house, Symond-street, Auckland, some

capital music was given, namely, songs by Mrs French, Mrs Copps (a Samoan princess), and Miss Greenwood, and last, but not least, Mrs Copps' little girl of four years old delighted the guests with two songs, 'I Won't Play in Your Yard,' and 'Dinah,' singing these in a sweet childish treble. Every word was distinctly heard.

At the Chevalier de Kontaki's farewell concert in Christchurch he was assisted again by Mrs Burns, Miss Lingard, Messrs F. M. Wallace, H. Reeves and Woodhouse. The Chevalier and Mr Wallace played the nocturne, 'Souvenir de Christchurch,' which the former has composed expressly for Mr Wallace, and needless to say it was very artistically done. The Chevalier left for Wellington after the concert.

The Auckland Choral Society has, we understand, been negotiating with Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli for a series of concerts by her talented company. Should the Society be successful, the colony will owe a debt of gratitude to it for having induced this bright star in the musical firmament to visit New Zealand. We notice in a recent issue of a Newcastle (N.S.W.) paper an account of the production of the 'Stabat Mater,' in which Madame Trebelli and some members of her company took the chief parts. Speaking of Madame Du Rien, the contralto of the evening—a young lady well-known in Auckland, where her father, Mr A. Du Rien, and her relatives reside—the critique says: 'This lady's voice excels in sweetness and tenderness rather than in power or volume.' Mr John Prouse also comes in for a fair share of praise. The second part of the concert was devoted to miscellaneous pieces, Madame Du Rien singing 'The Lost Chord' and 'Crossing the Bar,' while Mr Prouse gave 'Thou art Passing Hence' and the 'River of Years.' Many Aucklanders will remember that Madame Du Rien took a leading part in the last production of 'Moses in Egypt' by the Auckland Choral Society.

English composers are turning their attention more and more to comic opera, presumably for the money there is in it. Sir Alexander Mackenzie is said to have devoted his entire vacation to completing the score of a comic opera, which will be produced in London some time during the autumn.

Musicians in the East are becoming aroused to the fact that it is necessary to take steps to prevent the injury often done to children's voices in the public schools by teachers who do not themselves understand the voice, and are therefore unable to teach its proper use to others. 'During the past seven or eight years,' says one musical school superintendent, 'it has been my privilege to attend many teachers' associations. At all of these the question of teaching music in public schools has had a part. The power to read notes quickly and accurately has been the absorbing topic, while the all-important subject, the care and training of children's voices, has been disposed of by an avoidance of the subject, or by such comments as "It is impossible to teach voice culture to so many at once." If children were not allowed to scream to the fullest extent of their muscular power perhaps the public school singing would not present quite so deplorable a condition of affairs. However, as it is, it is pitiable to listen to the majority of school children sing. Is it too much to ask a teacher who intends, as a life work, either the ruining or the saving of children's voices, to spend five or six years in such preparation? Would you think the time too long for a pupil to fit himself for teaching the language? Then why should we allow this God-given art, which all possess to some degree, to be so slightly disposed of?'

A Pole named Solak, who claims that he can sing 250 songs in twelve languages in twelve hours without cessation, is about to descend on London. He ought to be a boon to the managers of continuous performances there.

Dr. Mackenzie, of musical celebrity, on being asked by a representative of the *Musical Times*, 'Should an opera consist of a drama with music, or of music with a drama?' replied that 'the form most popular at the present day is, very decidedly, "drama with music." Take, for example, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"—they owe their success to the interest and power of their quickly moving dramas rather than to their music. I do not for a moment wish to ignore the musical merits of these works—indeed, owing to my long residence in Italy, I may claim to sympathise with Italian music more than most English musicians do—but it is impossible not to see that their strength is dramatic rather than musical. Why, as regards "Pagliacci," I was so "carried away" by the drama (especially in the second act) that had the music been even weaker than it was, I feel sure the effect upon me would have been the same. As a matter of fact, I was not conscious of the music at all, so absorbed was I in the drama. As regards ideal standards, the drama ought, I consider, to be at least equal in importance to the music. We have plenty of examples to prove that a weak drama is fatal. Think of "Euryanthe"—and it contains perhaps the finest music that Weber ever wrote! No, the best music cannot save

an opera which is dramatically weak. The eternal youth of "Don Giovanni" is due not to the music alone—though that is of exceptional power and beauty—but also to the merit of its drama. Every scene has its point and interest, and the *finales* are "dramatic" in the highest degree. Among modern works, "Carmen" and "Faust" are splendid examples of the combination of a good drama with good music—this, of course, quite apart from the question whether the librettists of "Faust" have dealt adequately with Goethe's conception, which is "another story." Operas of which the dramas are a mere peg on which to hang the music are, I am sure, gone never to return.'

The Orchestral Society, Blenheim, gave another of their deservedly-popular concerts last week to a large and appreciative audience, which was very enjoyable, but not to be compared with the one given a few weeks ago. The crispness and spirit that characterised the first performance seemed lacking on this occasion, and was to be attributed in a great measure to the absence of two of the musicians who formerly took part, their places being filled by those who had not had sufficient practice, and also to the fact that the player of the violincello had broken his bow, and was obliged to use a violin bow. This perhaps was responsible for the cello solo in 'Poete et Paysan' (Suppe) being so very flat. The orchestra played five items—'War March of the Priests' (Mendelssohn), 'La Couronne d'Or' (Hermann), 'Poete et Paysan' (Suppe), 'The Queen' (Haydn), and 'Du Calif de Bagdad,' of which Haydn's composition was splendidly executed. The rest of the programme consisted of solos on various instruments, one on the euphonium by Mr Birch was the 'Romany Lass,' a selection of airs on the zither by Mr Winkelman, who received an encore; and a cornet solo by Mr Nancarrow, entitled 'American Polka,' which was succeeded by a duet between piano and organ, 'Le Heureux Presage' (Leybach), by Miss Rose and Mr Cheek, an exquisite composition tastefully rendered, which was the gem of the evening. The selection for the violin by Mr Strong was too classical for most people, but was ably rendered. Beethoven's Sonata V is not sufficiently well known here to be popular. Mr Kerr's clarionet solo, however, seemed to take the fancy of most people, for it was accorded an encore. It was an arrangement of airs from the 'Bohemian Girl,' and the encore piece was one of Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words.' A banjeurine solo by Mr Scott, which was also encored, completes the list.

It was a linen cuff and the quick thought of the woman who wore it that gave us one of the prettiest of the tuneful Strauss waltzes. Johann Strauss and his wife were one day enjoying a stroll in the park at Schonau, when suddenly the composer exclaimed, 'My dear, I have a waltz in my head, quick, give me a scrap of paper or an old envelope. I must write it down before I forget it.' Alas! After much rummaging of pockets, it was found that neither of them had a letter about them—not even a tradesman's bill. Strauss' music is considered light, but it weighed heavy as lead on his brain until he could transfer it to paper. His despair was pathetic. At last a happy thought struck Frau Strauss. She held out a snowy cuff. The composer clutched it eagerly, and in two minutes that cuff was manuscript. Its mate followed; still the inspiration was incomplete. Strauss was frantic, and was about to make a wild dash for home, with the third part of his waltz, ringing uncertainly in his head—his own linen was limp coloured calico—when suddenly his frau thought herself of her collar, and in an instant the remaining bars of 'The Blue Danube' decorated its surface.

Mr Alfred Hill, on taking leave of the Wellington Orchestral Society, wrote the following letter:—'Ladies and Gentlemen.—It was my intention before leaving Wellington to meet you all once more, and for the sake of old times to forget the discords that have of late come between us. My arrangements will not, however, permit of a personal meeting, so I beg leave to address a few words to you in writing. Putting the recent trouble on one side, knowing that you will think kindly of me when I am gone, I should like to wish the Orchestral Society well. To the younger members might I say that no ambition is too high; to the elders and fathers of the Society, whom we must all respect as such, may I add, have patience and bear with the enthusiasm, shall I say wild zeal of youth. Above all, if you choose a leader, let him guide you. And now, good-bye and *auf wiedersehen*.—Your late conductor, ALFRED HILL.'

It is rumoured that Paderewski may come to the Australian colonies for a short tour.

At a grand fête held in the grounds of Hawarden Castle lately in aid of the Hawarden Institute and Working Men's Club, Mr Gladstone made a speech on music, in the course of which he said:—'Half a century ago—ay, seventy years ago—for my recollection goes back as

far as that, and a good deal further—(laughter)—musical feeling was a thing quite astonishing. It was not believed in England that the musical gift was a gift which God Almighty had given to the most of mankind. Now that is the case. There are very few people who are wholly without the musical faculty and feeling. If they are without it, it is because it has never been cultivated in them. I remember when I was young I used to dispute with people about that. They said, "It is all nonsense to talk about music as a gift to the generality of mankind. The faculty of music is only given here and there—to one man here and one woman there, and so forth, and is an extremely rare endowment." I deny that. (Cheers.) I say, if it is properly tended and properly brought out, it is a general gift in civilised countries, and even in barbarous countries; and most certainly it is a gift that pervades the people of this country, so far as Nature's part is concerned. But people used to say to me, 'I cannot sing,' and I said, 'Now, supposing that when you were a baby, and when you grew out of being a baby, your nurse always continued to carry you in her arms, do you think you would be able to walk?' (Laughter.) I am sure not. Well, you learn to walk by practising walking, and you must learn to sing by practising singing. (Laughter and cheers.)



MR G TRACEY HALL AS 'GUISEPPE PALMIERI.'



MR ROBIN HAY AS 'LUIZ.'



MISS R. ARMSTRONG AS 'THE DUCHESS.'



MR ABRI. ROWE AS 'MARCO.' MR G. TRACEY HALL AS 'GUISEPPE PALMIERI.'



MR GEO. WARREN AS DON ALHAMBRA DELERO.

'THE GONDOLIERS' BY AUCTION AMATEUR OPERA CLUB. Photos. by HEMMIS.



THE GAVOTTE.



MRS R. H. HOPKINS AS 'CASILDA.'



MR ARCHDALE TAYLOR,
'THE DUKE'

MISS E. ARMSTRONG,
'THE DUCHESS.'



MISS LILY THOMSON,
'TESSA.'

MISS CARRIE KNIGHT,
'GIANETTA.'



MISS LILY THOMSON AS 'TESSA.'



MR P. R. DIX, Secretary.



MISS CARRIE KNIGHT AS 'GIANETTA.'

'THE GONDOLIERS' BY THE AUCKLAND AMATEUR OPERA CLUB.

Photos by C. HENRI.

Plays and Players.

THE GONDOLIERS.

THIS evening (Tuesday) the Auckland Amateur Opera Club give their first production of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, 'The Gondoliers.' As we are just going to press we are unable to include a notice of the performance in this issue. Next week, however, we anticipate we shall have a good deal to say of the piece, for rumour whispers that the principals and choruses are exceedingly well qualified to do justice to the composer and librettist. For the dresses and the scenery of the piece we have no fears, for both have been under the superintendence of capable gentlemen, and no expense has been spared. It is in respect to the acting and singing that we must reserve our judgment, but while doing so we think our readers will agree with us that, however the amateurs bear themselves on the stage, they look well in their stage dresses, as represented in our photos, appearing on another page of this number.

May Pollard has gone to India under engagement to coach a juvenile opera company.

No one accuses Mr Tree, says an English critic, of regarding 'Tribby' as a great moral drama. Indeed, he has rather weakly tried to parry possible reproaches on the subject by Shakespeare at *matinees*. Mr Alexander's worst enemy would hardly assert that he intended 'The Prisoner of Zenda' to do anything more than to furnish an excellent evening's entertainment. Wilson Barrett would not, perhaps, feel hurt if it were suggested that he thought 'The Sign of the Cross' a title which would attract the great profitable middle classes to the unaccustomed theatre. 'Each of these gentlemen knew quite well what he was doing when he produced his piece, and all the actor-managers with intellectual yearnings and all the dramatists will have noted the results of the undertakings.'

Actors are said to be a long-lived race.

Sardou has been credited with many bright *bon mots*, but there is none that for trenchant truth surpasses his criticism of Fanny Davenport, after seeing her go over a scene in one of his plays. 'She doesn't act,' said the great dramatist, 'she suffers.'

Ellen Terry is reported to be suffering with an extreme nervousness which may render her early appearance on the stage impossible. Her always highly nervous temperament is said to have weakened her so much that she finds difficulty in controlling her eyes.

Sir Henry Irving has contracted with J. I. C. Clarke, a New York journalist and dramatist, to write him an American play, presenting George Washington as the central figure. He wants to personate the first President.

There was one occasion when Sir Henry Irving received from one of the supernumeraries of the Lyceum an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say simply, 'The enemy is upon us,' which he uttered at rehearsal in a poor, whining way. 'Can't you say it better?' shouted Irving. 'Repeat it as I do.' And he gave the words with dignity, with all his well-known dramatic force. 'If I could say it like that,' replied the man, 'I shouldn't be working for 25 shillings a week.' 'Is that all you get?' 'Yes.' 'Well, then, say it as you please.'

Graphic representations of life and death among Arctic voyagers, embodied in a play called 'Under the Polar Star,' were received with delight by a turbulent multitude at the Academy of Music, says the *New York Sun*. Probably no noisier approval had ever been given to a stage exhibition. The first of these scenes was on the deck of a ship, aboard of which was a party of explorers seeking to reach the North Pole. The vessel was caught between icebergs and crushed. In the next scene the imperiled persons were shown in winter quarters on the ice, with their broken ship a wreck, which was finally burned. A third view disclosed the ill-fated beings freezing and starving on an ice floe in the open sea. The scenic quality of these spectacles was excellent. They occupied all the space of the Academy's big stage, they were artistically pictorial, and the illusions of light, fog, snow, ice and water were often well-nigh perfect. The spectators were roused to frantic enthusiasm, and 'Under the Polar Star,' having been placed in exactly the right theatre for the purpose, is bound to have a great success with the populace.

Twenty members of a Turin theatrical company have sued the critic of a daily paper, *La Patria*, on account of his criticism of a performance of a drama by Alfieri, the great Italian dramatist. He had headed his article, 'A Crime Upon Vittorio Alfieri,' and severely censured the artists for badly dealing with that master work. The actors claim that this was slandering their reputation,

and that he had insulted their artistic honour. They won their suit, the critic being condemned to pay a small fine in each case.

LAWNS & LINKS.

THE opening of the Eden and Epsom Lawn, Auckland, took place last Saturday. This is the premier Club of Auckland. The membership has increased greatly this season, and there is every prospect of the limit number being reached before the end of the season. The gentlemen members have worked very hard during the last month in painting the Stand, making a new entrance and gate with trellis work fence to the left on entrance, which gives the whole a very smart appearance. Since last season a new tennis lawn has been added, making now five in number, besides a croquet lawn, which next season, I hear will be turned into a tennis lawn, and another croquet one will be levelled. The croquet lawn is not quite fit for play as yet, so Mrs Udy kindly allowed the enthusiasts the use of hers, which is just the other side of the railings. Tea and cakes, etc., were handed round to the visitors, which were much appreciated. Though a boisterous gale was blowing, it was not felt very much by the players, as the lawns are so capably surrounded by trees, making snug corners for both players and spectators. Three ladies appeared on bicycles as guests for a short time, which created quite a diversion from tennis for the time being. Mr Paton, the energetic secretary, who really works like a Trojan, and the committee must be congratulated on the beautiful state of the lawns and surroundings.

The great event of this week in Auckland, especially among athletic people, is the match between the local cricketers and the Australian team, which has just returned from the Old Country with all their blushing honours thick upon them. The match will be played in the Domain on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, and it is anticipated that a very large concourse of people will be present on the occasion. We hope next week to be able to present our readers with some interesting pictures of the great match, and in the meantime they must be contented with the reproduction of the clever caricatures which appeared in the *London Evening News*.

We are now fairly launched into the summer recreations, and this season promises to be one of more than ordinary activity in outdoorsports. Saturday last was distinguished by three large inaugural gatherings in honour of the opening of the fine new bowling green at Remuera, and to celebrate the beginning of the season at the West End and Mount Eden and Epsom Tennis Grounds. On the West End Lawn the players and their friends mustered in strong force, and the Committee of the Club made extensive preparations for entertaining them. The afternoon tea, dispensed under the supervision of the ladies of the Club, was appreciated by visitors and players. A full string band and piano, under the conductorship of Mr Burke, discoursed a choice selection of music during the afternoon. The ground was in excellent order and some spirited games ensued.

The thunderstorm in Wellington last week prevented the Thorndon Tennis Courts from being opened on Saturday week, but its play was begun last Saturday. Although it was a beautifully fine afternoon, the ground was too soft. The bad weather did not prevent the Thorndon Bowling Green from being opened for the season, or the enthusiastic members from playing. The lawn looked beautifully smooth and green. A large number of ladies were present, and delicious tea, cakes, and sweets were supplied by several ladies.

The wet weather lately put a stop to the opening of the Te Henui Tennis Club and of the New Plymouth Cricket Club, which were to have both taken place last week. The opening of the New Plymouth Tennis Club also, which was to have taken place last Saturday, has been postponed for a fortnight.

The Otago Lawn Tennis Courts were to be opened last Saturday.

On the occasion of the opening of the Blenheim Bowling Club Grounds invitations were extended to ladies, who showed their appreciation of the compliment by assembling in large numbers. Mr Horton (the Mayor) made an inaugural address in a felicitous and facetious manner, and in the course of his remarks made allusion to the historical game of bowls three hundred years ago, when Drake and other Elizabethan celebrities played their match in Plymouth Hoe to a finish in the sight of the Spanish fleet coming to conquer England. Seats were placed for the visitors on the top of the high grassy bank, which extends down one side and end of the green, and close under the high iron fence which surrounds it, and afforded a screen from both sun and wind. Afternoon tea and many varieties of dainty cakes

were provided by Mrs R. H. Smale and others, and the Misses N. and E. Bull assisted in the distribution of these. The position of the seats afforded an excellent view of the several games that were played, and a photographer took advantage of the chance to photograph the different groups. The President, Mr J. G. Trevor, has promised a trophy for competition for the ensuing season.

The Marlborough Tennis Club opened their court last Saturday, and Mr Griffiths, the President, made an excellent speech, whilst the tea and cake provided by Mrs Griffiths were beyond praise. As the club had courteously invited the Wairau Tennis Club, the preparations were on no small scale, as the united clubs formed a large company.

THE PREVALENCE OF CLUMSINESS.

'I SOMETIMES wonder,' said a lady who travels a great deal, 'what the early training of some people that I meet must have been, or, to express it more correctly, whether they have had any early training at all. I think I never travel in any train, or enter any public conveyance, that somebody, either man, woman or child, doesn't walk or stumble, or crowd or lean against somebody else; and if the awkward individual happens to be carrying a parcel or market-basket, or, indeed, an umbrella, his neighbours have cause for congratulation if they get out of the vicinity with whole bodies or garments. It seems to me that these people must have been badly trained in their youth, or else they never, by any possibility, could be so awkward. There are few greater misfortunes than the faculty of falling over everything one comes near, or of upsetting or displacing whatever objects may stand in the way. A child's education should never be considered complete until it is taught to enter and leave a room, to move a chair without noise, to put various objects in their places, not only occasionally, but as a regular thing, and they should never pass any article about the house which may be out of its proper position without quietly replacing it.'

DUNLOP TYRES

ARE THE
BEST AND CHEAPEST TYRES FOR CYCLES, AND ARE
GUARANTEED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS

NEW ZEALAND DEPOT:

128 Lichfield St., Christchurch.

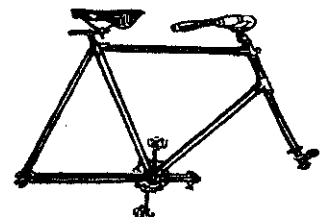
CYCLING.

BICYCLE BUILT FOR ONE OR TWO.

IN last week's 'Cycling Columns' I referred to a new and unique tandem attachment which has just been invented for bicycles, whereby a single machine can almost instantly be converted into a bicycle for two. I give this week some diagrams of the invention, which has excited a good deal of interest. This detachment is a supplemental frame, diamond shaped, and having a saddle and handle bar similar to the front frame. It

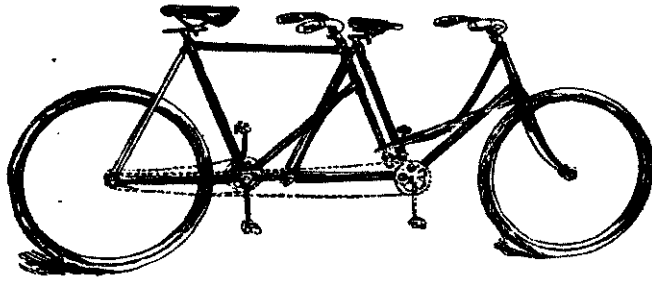


FIRST YOU WANT A LADY'S WHEEL OF ANY SIZE.



THIS IS THE INTERMEDIATE SECTION.

also has a set of pedals, a sprocket wheel and chain. In order to make an ordinary single machine into a tandem the rear wheel is removed from the machine and attached to the rear of the attachment or extension. The



THE TANDEM COMPLETE.

extension screws into a threaded lug on the front of the crank hanger, and the latter has eyes which receive the bolt to fit into the rear fork ends of the front frame. A hinged clamp fitted to the end of the rear guide tube fastens the bearings to the front seat mast. The upper connection of the rear frame is attached to the front seat post by a lug, which is securely bolted. This tandem attachment can be fitted equally well to a diamond frame or lady's wheel, and it takes less than five minutes to make the change.

Every man (says *The Hub*) retains the peculiarities of his gait on the bicycle. If he limps in his walk, he limps on the wheel, emphasising one stroke more than the other, and so on with quick walkers and slow walkers, lazy or energetic people. This might be carried further—men who ride show their dispositions as well. The man who will have no respect for your feelings in his office will run you down on the street; the imperious man expects every man to get out of his way; the easy-going, good-natured fellow will turn out for everybody; the reckless man runs into everybody, because he hasn't time to look out for them; the neat, precise man rides upright and keeps his line with mathematical precision; while the slouch is always shifting his seat, and wobbles all over the road, says an exchange. We have not heard of the professor who reads men's minds from the way they ride a wheel, but he will soon be on deck, and doubtless will hit as close as the palm reader, or any of the clever people who can discover the inside of a man from his outside.

American physicians say that cycling is a cure for insanity.

The number of lady cyclists is gradually increasing in Napier, although the hilly nature of the town and the dust makes 'wheeling' anything but unmitigated joy.

While some bicycle sports were in progress at Nelson on Wednesday, a small boy ran across the track and was knocked down by A. W. Shallcrass, one of the competitors. The latter came down violently, breaking his right wrist and spraining his left thumb, and he was also bruised about the body. The boy received a nasty scalp wound.

The latest social convenience is Gavin's House-to-House Cycle Cleaning and Insurance Company. This Company has for its objects the establishment in London and the provinces of depôts for the cleaning, repairing, storing, and the sale of cycles, the teaching of cycling, and the provision of every accessory conducive to the enjoyment of the sport. According to the prospectus a large and efficient staff will travel throughout the various districts in which the depôts exist for the purpose of cleaning and executing minor repairs to the machines of subscribers at their own residences. For an annual payment of £1 6s a subscriber can have his or her bicycle cleaned, stored, and insured. The capital is £300,000 in £1 shares, and 98,000 ordinary shares are offered to the public at par. Every subscriber for 250 ordinary shares is to be allotted one fully-paid founder's share.

An absolutely unique military parade was witnessed recently at Aldershot. In order to ascertain the strength of the military cyclists in the district under his command, the Duke of Connaught arranged a cycle parade. About 600 attended, and among the regimental and corps clubs represented the Rifles were particularly strong. The Duke, wheeling his machine along the line, very closely inspected the cyclists, questioned a great number of them as to the make of their machines, etc., and showed considerable practical knowledge as to the different makes and latest appliances. After the inspection the order was given to the buglers to sound 'mount,' and soon after the whole force, to the number of between 500 and 600, led by the Duke of Connaught, wheeled off in procession at a fairly rapid rate all round the camp, and along the Wellington Avenue to the Booterley Road, where the order was given to dismount and disperse.

The bicycle business is coasting, and on every hand is seen an extreme effort to reduce stock by offering unprecedented opportunities to buyers. A few makers, whose number can be counted on the fingers of one hand, are holding to the £20 standard, while others are making

daily increasing concessions in favour of purchasers. Failures are increasing, and as they increase prices decrease. There were 372 bicycle factories in the United States six months ago, and the number is now reduced to 241. That means that 131 have failed. These failures leave £500,000 in debts to be adjusted and a large stock of wheels to be sold. The supply, apparently large, exceeds the demand, as is shown by a visit among the manufacturers and sellers and observation of advertisements and posted notices in the stores. Bicycles can be bought in America to-day from £2 10s to £20. The lowest-priced wheels are not on the New York market, but they are on their way from San Francisco, where they were introduced from Japan. They were first sold for £4, and now £2 10s will buy one. The American makers say they have no fear of this wheel, and don't believe enough will be imported to materially affect the trade. They are said to be poorly constructed, of very inferior material, and so low in grade as not to be worthy of estimation as a trade factor.

One of the most enjoyable concerts held at the Auckland Asylum was given on Thursday night by the Banjo, Mandoline, and Guitar Club. Herr Zimmermann conducted. Mr Partridge was leader, and the members of the club seemed to vie with each other in their efforts to make the entertainment successful.

Until 1850 England and France produced more pianos than any of their rivals. But now both those countries are eclipsed by Germany and the United States. The latter country now turns out about 90,000 pianos a year. Forty thousand persons are employed in the direct production of these instruments, and an imposing host of agents and salesmen is engaged introducing and selling them to consumers.

OPERA HOUSE.

10th YEAR | TO-NIGHT | TO-NIGHT | 10th YEAR
and following nights. | Year
THE AUCKLAND AMATEUR OPERA CLUB.
THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE YEAR.
Great production of Gilbert and Sullivan's Charming and Successful Opera.

THE GONDOLIERS OR, THE KING OF BARATARIA.

On a Scale of Unparalleled Magnificence and Completeness. With the following Powerful Cast:
The Duke of Plaza-Toro..... Mr Archdale Taylor
Luigi..... Mr Robin Hay
Don Alhambra del Bolero..... Mr George Warren
Marco Palmieri..... Mr Abel Rowe
Giuseppe Palmieri..... Mr G. Tracey Hall
Antonio..... Mr Ernest J. Young
The Duchess of Plaza-Toro..... Miss Echel Armstrong
Casilda (her daughter)..... Mrs R. H. Hopkins
Gianetta..... Miss Carrie Knight
Tessa..... Miss Lily Thomson
Ises..... Miss Minnie Lye
Chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine, Men-at-Arms, Herald, and Pages.

THE SCENERY—The Most Realistic and Beautiful.
THE MUSIC—Bright, Sparkling, and Delightfully Melodious.
THE DIALOGUE—Intensely Amusing and Entertaining.
THE DRESSES—The Most Effective yet Seen South of the Line.

BAND AND CHORUS OF OVER 60 | SIXTY PERFORMERS | 60

Conductor..... PROF. CARL SCHWETZ, K.C.C.I.
Stage Manager..... MR. ARCHDALE TAYLER.
Scenic Artist..... HERR C. F. VENNEMARK.
Costumier..... MR. THRO. QUEREK.

PRICES AS USUAL—Dress Circle and Orchestra Stalls, 4s; Stalls, 2s 6d; Pit, One Shilling.

Box Plan at Wildman's. Day Sales at Partridge's and Williamson's.

N.B.—Book Seats or Purchase Tickets and prevent disappointment and needless crushing. P. R. DIX, Secretary.



Lands and Survey Office, Auckland, October 28, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that the upset price of the Kauri Timber on the Kaimarama Block advertised for Sale, by Public Auction, at this Office on sixth (6th) November Next, has been increased from £25 to £27. GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.



District Land and Survey Office, Auckland, October 25, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Undermentioned Small Grazing Run will be Open for Lease on application on and after WEDNESDAY, the 2nd day of December, 1890, at the rental noted. In the event of more than one application being received on the same day, priority of selection will be decided by Ballot on the following day, at 11 a.m. RAGLAN COUNTY—PAR SH KARAMU (Subdivision of Section 174, Auckland University College Endowment—Run No. 3, 612 acres; annual rent, 21s 10d. Subject to £26 7s 6d for fencing.

DESCRIPTION AND LOCALITY: Nearly all open fern land, with patches of mixed bush; well watered, and situated about two miles from Whatawhata.

The valuation for improvements must be deposited by the Applicant immediately on being notified that his application has been successful. GERHARD MUELLER, Commissioner Crown Lands.

Personal Paragraphs.

Mrs Crammond and Mrs Ramsey Morton returned from Wellington last Friday, where they went to meet Miss Crammond, who came out from England in the 'Gothic.' Miss Crammond returned to Napier with them, looking very well and stylish after her long trip to Europe.

Mr Bass, who has been station-master at New Plymouth for the last eleven years, has received notice of transfer to Onehunga.

Mr HERBERT GODFREY, of the Loan and Mercantile Company, Blenheim, is laid up with a severe attack of inflammation at his home in Picton.

Miss TRIMPE (Geraldine) has been staying with Mrs Macdonald, Gloucester-street, for a few days' change to Christchurch.

Mr JAMES DINGLER, who died in Auckland, was buried in the New Plymouth Cemetery on Tuesday. He was one of the pioneer settlers of Taranaki.

Miss PAGE, of Napier, has just forwarded an interesting collection of her paintings to the Wellington Exhibition, consisting of 'Maoris,' 'Branch of Wattle,' etc., etc.

Mr WALCOT WOOD (Christchurch) amongst others has gone to the Timaru Show.

Dr. FERCUSSON (Dunedin) paid a flying visit to Christchurch this week.

Mr HUBERT LINTON is now staying with his people in Picton. He is on sick leave from his duties at Seaclyffe Asylum.

Mr FRED HAMILTON has left Nelson for his future home in the North Island. He will be much missed in Nelson, especially by the Rowing Club members, with whom he has been closely connected.

Miss PALMER, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs Wardrop, in Wellington, has returned to Christchurch, Mrs Wardrop accompanying her.

ARCHDEACON AND MISS GOVETT, of New Plymouth, are going to Nelson for a month's change.

Miss BULLOCK (Christchurch) is paying a visit to Mr and Mrs George Bullock, Napier, who are now quite settled in the Bakers' pretty house, and the garden is looking lovely.

Mrs and Miss IZARD, of Wellington, have gone for a trip down South.

Mr GREENFIELD, S.M., Nelson, has completely recovered from his recent illness, and is now on duty again.

The friends of Mr Von Haast will be sorry to hear that he is laid up in Napier with an attack of pleurisy.

The Mayor of New Plymouth (Mr J. B. Roy) has been presented with a requisition asking him to consent to stand for another term of office.

Miss CHAYTOR has returned to Blenheim from a lengthy visit to Wellington, where she stayed with various friends.

Mrs W. BALFOUR, of Napier, got this week to visit her daughter, Mrs Ross, at Waipawa.

In Christchurch Dr. Prins has been seriously ill for some time, and still continues to give his friends much anxiety. Miss Nora Gardner has also been seriously ill, but is progressing slowly now towards recovery.

PROFESSOR THOMAS, Auckland, left for San Francisco on Saturday by the 'Alameda.'

Mr T. WALSH, late guard on the railway, who has taken over the Masonic Hotel at Waitara, has been presented with a very handsome marble clock by the railway employees.

Mr WIGGINS, of the Bank of New Zealand at Blenheim, has received marching orders, and leaves for Wellington. His ultimate destination is not known yet.

THE Rev. Haskett Smith was a passenger to San Francisco by the 'Alameda' on Saturday.

THE Hon. A. J. Cadman, Minister of Railways, arrived at New Plymouth by special train from Wellington last week. He proceeded on to Auckland by steamer the same evening.

THE Hon. Thomas Thompson, Minister of Justice, arrived in Auckland from Wellington on Saturday by the 'Takapuna.'

MISS SLYMOUR (Picton) has gone to stay with her sister, Mrs Richardson, at Meadow Bank.

MR A. GOLDWATER was a passenger to San Francisco on Saturday by the 'Alameda' from Auckland.

MISS AMY JOHNSTON, who recently passed a very creditable examination in dentistry in Dunedin and is now a qualified dentist, returned to Blenheim last Saturday, where she has received the warm congratulations of her friends.

MR BEALE (late of Messrs Williams and Kettle) intends leaving Napier shortly for Auckland.

MISS HARRIS (Picton) has gone to visit her brothers at Kito and Richmond Bays, Pelorus Sound.

MR FAITHFUL BREGG left Auckland by the 'Alameda' on Saturday.

MR E. M. SMITH, M.H.R., gave a full account of his late mission to England to form a company to work the iron sand in New Plymouth last Tuesday.

CAPTAIN W. J. NEWTON, late of the 'Mahinapua,' arrived in Auckland from Wellington by the 'Takapuna' on Saturday, and takes command of the 'Te Anau' on her arrival from the South.

MRS MOORE (Hospital Hill) proposes leaving Napier shortly for a long trip.

THE Government surveyors have just completed the survey of a block of land situated on the main north road between Urenui and Taranaki in Taranaki district. The block is stated to consist of very fair land.

MISS SERD (Wellington) is still with her sister, Mrs Bowen, in Napier.

CAPTAIN A. CAMERON, marine superintendent, Auckland, for the Union S.S. Company, was a passenger to San Francisco by the 'Alameda,' on Saturday, en route for London.

THE Rev. M. Devenish, of Hunterville, is visiting his mother in New Plymouth.

MR R. R. BLACK'S Nelson friends were sorry to have to bid him good-bye last week.

MISS E. BRNDALL (Wellington) is still with the Misses Hitchings, Napier.

THE Rev. J. F. Jones of Invercargill, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Mount Eden Baptist Church, Auckland, and commences his work there with the New Year.

MEMORIAL services in connection with the late Mrs Margaret Govett, wife of the Ven. Archdeacon Govett, was held in St. Mary's Church, New Plymouth, on Sunday.

MR C. J. HUTCHINSON left for San Francisco by the 'Alameda' on Saturday.

CAPTAIN J. G. WARD, of the Bluff Navals, has sent in his resignation.

MISS FISHER, daughter of the Mayor of Wellington—Mr G. Fisher—has received from the members of the Wellington City Council a lovely marriage gift. It consists of a handsome assortment of cutlery, together with a beautiful pair of vases of unique design in ivory and gold.

MR E. W. WATSON, a clerk in the Land and Income Tax Department at Wellington, has written no less than 8,753 longhand words on a postcard—thus beating all previous known records.

MR WILKS (Mount Albert and Queen-street), Auckland, has returned from his extended trip to India and China.

MR W. D. HANLON, of Dunedin, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace.

MR C. V. HOUGHTON, branch manager of the New Zealand Shipping Company, left Auckland for New Plymouth on Saturday.

MR TENNYSON-SMITH, the well-known prohibition apostle, who was in New Zealand some time ago, is now running the *Temperance World* and *Prohibition Herald* in London.

DR. KING returned last week to Auckland from a health-restoring trip round the Islands.

MR T. COLE, A.M.I.C.E., and Secretary of the Association of Municipal and County Engineers of England, is at present on a visit to Sydney.

By the 'Alameda' on Friday Mrs John Ballance and the Rev. J. Burgess arrived in Auckland. Captain E. R. Sterling, master of the American ship 'Patrician,' which it will be remembered was wrecked in a gale some time since, the officers and crew being rescued by the steamer 'Fifeshire,' was a through passenger.

THE presentation of a handsome pipe, suitably inscribed, was made by the mechanical staffs of the *Times* and *Mail* to Mr T. K. Reeves last week in the composing room of the *New Zealand Times*. The literary staff of the *Times* subsequently presented Mr Reeves with a fountain pen, as a slight token of the esteem in which he is held by them. Mr Reeves was also a recipient of a handsome pocket ink bottle and a silver pencil case, from personal friends in the office.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR is to open the new Wanganui Hospital shortly.

MR DAVID R. KEMP, manager of Dalgety and Company, Limited, who has been making an extensive tour in Australia and New Zealand, left Auckland by the S.S. 'Alameda' for San Francisco en route for London.

JUDGE DUNBAR JOHNSON has arrived in Auckland and is holding a sitting of the Native Land Court at the Supreme Court Buildings, the principal business being the partition of the Orakel block.

MISS ALLEN (Picton) is staying at the vicarage on a visit to Mrs Sedgwick.

MR ALEXANDER HANLON, of the Thames, has received from the New Zealand Government a silver medal in recognition of the services rendered by him during the Maori war.

MR R. HSKETH, 'St. John's Wood,' Epsom, Auckland, has had the misfortune to lose his coach-house and stables by a fire on Friday night.

MR T. A. CLYNE, who has been a prominent member of the Thorndon Cricket Club, and who is returning to Sydney, was presented by his club-fellows at Wellington with a shaving set, pocket-knife and silver pencil case. Mr A. Clark presided, and Mr Williams, who was captain of the club last year, made the presentation, and spoke in high terms of Mr Clyne's qualities as a cricketer.

MR E. P. HOUGHTON, inspector of the Union S.S. Company, has returned to Auckland from his Southern trip.

MR F. K. REEVES, after several years' connection with the reporting staff of the *New Zealand Times*, has gone to Gisborne to join the literary staff of the *Poverty Bay Herald*.

MR J. W. A. MARCHANT, Commissioner of Crown Lands at Christchurch, who is being removed to Wellington, will take up his duties at the beginning of next month.

MR J. H. BAKER, who is retiring from the position of Assistant Surveyor-General and Commissioner of Crown Lands in Wellington, in order to take up his residence in England, received a presentation of a handsome gold watch and a beautiful illuminated address from the officials of the Wellington Branch of the Lands and Survey Department.

MR G. MULLER, Commissioner of Crown Lands for Auckland, is at present in Wellington, having been telegraphed for by the Minister of Lands in connection with land purchase proposals concerning the Auckland provincial district.

MR AND MRS THOS. MORRIN have left Auckland to pay a short visit South. Mr Morrin is combining business with pleasure in his trip.

TWO well-known New Zealanders have just been highly honoured by the French Government, and Count d'Abbans, Consul-General for France at Wellington, has intimated the same to the fortunate recipients. The dignity of Officer d'Academie has been conferred on Professor de Montalk, of Auckland, and also on Mr E. Tregear, the head of the Labour Department at Wellington. Professor de Montalk has done much to extend the knowledge of the French language and literature in New Zealand, while Mr Tregear has rendered a service to France by his dictionary of the Paumotu language and other works bearing on the tongues of the islands in Oceania under the dominion of France. The order conferred on these gentlemen is that of the scientific branch of the Legion of Honour. The decoration consists of gold palm leaves. The order was created by Napoleon III. on the advice of M. Durny, the great historian, to reward distinguished services rendered by professors, artists, and men of letters.

MR J. W. GOSSERT, who has been for 15 years connected with the Wanganui branch of the Bank of New Zealand, has been transferred to Wellington pending a further transfer on promotion.

MR J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. Bac., Oxon., held the annual practical examination in music for Trinity College, London, in Auckland last week. Twenty-one candidates presented themselves one day, and seventeen the next. Dr. Saunders left immediately after for Sydney, where he will hold more examinations.

MR JUSTICE CONNOLLY arrived in Auckland by the S.S. 'Anglian' the early part of this week.

MR SIDNEY H. JAMES, of Stratford, leaves next month for a trip Home to the Old Country.

MR PILCHER'S services have been secured as secretary to the Auckland Chrysanthemum Society. The Auckland Committee has decided to hold its next exhibition on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of April, 1897.

A VERY heavy thunder storm passed over New Plymouth on Friday evening, October 23rd. There was also a heavy downfall of rain.

MR ALFRED SCOTT has returned home to Picton from the Blenheim hospital. He is still a great invalid, and his many friends regret to see him in so frail a condition.

MR SINSTRUP, of the West Coast, has re-visited Picton under very sad circumstances. His son, who was sent on a cruise for his health, was so ill that the master of the vessel deemed it wiser to send him up to the Picton Hospital than run the risk of keeping him longer on board. His friends were telegraphed for and his father arrived on Sunday. The young fellow died early on Monday morning.

THE resident inspector of the Union Bank of Australia, Wellington, Mr G. E. Tolhurst, has been appointed to organise a system (similar to the New Zealand one) of having a resident inspector to each of the Australasian colonies. He leaves for Melbourne in a few weeks to begin his undertaking.

MR and MRS MILLS (Havelock) were in Picton last week, and were among the audience at the Sailors' Hospital concert on Tuesday evening.

A SON of Mr Carmody, of the Pahiatua Post Office Hotel, was thrown from his horse on Monday afternoon, and sustained a severe fracture of his arm and one finger.

OSLETTY * ON * DITS.



THAT much satisfaction is expressed at the continued improvement in the health of Lady Glasgow.

That Mr T. Corkill, of the Bank of New Zealand, and Mrs Corkill arrived in Auckland from Sydney last week.

That the officers and men of H.M.S. 'Lizard' enjoyed themselves immensely while in Picton, and would like to have remained in that pleasant little port longer than they did.

That Mrs Alfred Buckland's dance at 'Highwic,' Newmarket, on Tuesday, November 17th, will be the wind-up of the Auckland dancing season.

That the work of planting Marsland Hill, New Plymouth, with trees and shrubs by the Scenery Preservation Society is proceeding apace, and will prove an attractive resort when finished.

That a young man, who some four years ago began to study shorthand at the Young Men's Christian Association classes, is now occupying the position of shorthand instructor in a large business college in Chicago. The lad is a New Zealander, a native of Christchurch.

That Commander De Crespigny, of H.M.S. 'Lizard,' wrought havoc amongst the Blenheim rabbits, judging by the number he brought back to Picton.

That all the candidates for the Taranaki, Egmont, and Hawera districts are touring the country, delivering addresses at all the townships.

That Mrs Grace Neil, lady Inspector of Hospital, etc., was greatly pleased with the condition of the Picton hospital during her late inquisitorial visit, and expressed her opinion that the management was perfect.

That the Floral Fête to be held in the Recreation Grounds, New Plymouth, on Monday, November 9th, promises to be a great success.

That the water has been shut off from the Petroleum bore of Moturoa (Taranaki) and a careful test gives the capacity of the well at eight barrels a day.

That Rev. — Mouro, a Prohibitionist lecturer, stated in New Plymouth that the ministers in New Zealand were bought over by the liquor ring.

That football is not the only bone-smashing game played by the rising generation. Master Frank Scott (Picton) had his arm splintered by a blow from a cricket ball the other day.

MOTHERS SHOULD REMEMBER
when selecting an artificial Food for their babies
THREE DISTINCTIVE CHARACTERISTICS OF

MELLIN'S
FOOD

It is easily Digestible and very Assimilable and Nourishing.
It is readily soluble and may be prepared in a few seconds.
It is free from husks and indigestible matter, which would cause irritation.

MELLIN'S FOOD for Infants and Invalids may be obtained of all Dealers throughout the World.

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and F. HAYMAN & CO.



POINT TO POINT STEEPLCHASE, AUCKLAND.
BEFORE THE START.



Photos by Slack.

THE MEET AT COLONEL DAWSON'S RESIDENCE, ELLERSLIE, AUCKLAND.

GRAPHOLOGY OR PEN PORTRAITS.

ANY reader of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC can have his or her character sketched by sending a specimen of handwriting with signature or non de plume to

MADAME MARCELLA,

'GRAPHIC' OFFICE, AUCKLAND.

The coupon appearing on the last page of cover of the GRAPHIC and twenty-four penny stamps must accompany each letter.

'ESPERE JOURJOURS.'—An exceedingly generous and benevolent disposition is displayed in your handwriting. You are impulsive, but your impulses are prompted by geniality and kindness, and as a friend you are frank and sincere. You have a very strong will, are firm and tenacious in maintaining your opinions, and persevering in carrying out your intentions and plans. But, although you are good-natured almost to a fault, your temper is slightly impatient. You like to obtain your wishes without delay, and your own actions are so quick that you find slowness in others irritating, while you have too much 'spirit' and love of rule to submit easily to a subordinate position. You are fearless, sanguine, and fond of enterprise, your temperament is cheerful and vivacious, and you are not often depressed or discouraged; yet neither imprudence nor rashness are perceptible, and although very liberal, your tastes are not extravagant. You enjoy giving pleasure, and your buoyancy of spirits and versatility render you a general favourite, especially with the opposite sex. Your affections are deep, and you express them with warmth and fervour. You are not a critical observer, nor do you 'worry' over trifles. You can assert yourself if necessary, and you possess an ample share of pride and ambition. Neither caprice nor fickleness in love are indicated, but you are impressionable, and your sensibilities are acute.—MARCELLA.

'Allen.'—A gentle and sympathetic disposition is indicated by your specimen of handwriting. You think little of your own welfare, or indeed of 'yourself' in any way, while you are ever ready to share the troubles of those around you, or to rejoice in their happiness. You are loving and tenderly affectionate, a true and constant friend, but neither vehemently emotional, or passionate in expression or action. Your temper is amiable, you are clear in comprehension, industrious, and particularly skillful in useful work which requires care and neatness. You are patient and conscientious, discreet and sensible; but you have a most insufficient share of personal esteem and self-reliance, and in consequence you are easily dissatisfied with your own efforts, and keenly sensitive to the least shadow of censure, as you are only too ready to blame yourself. You are pleasing and courteous in manner, you enjoy pleasant society, and appreciate a little fun and amusement, as you possess an acute sense of humour, but you are neither a severe judge nor a critical observer, although you pay all necessary respect to les convenances, and are particularly attentive to truth in minor details. Moreover, you form your own opinions, and can maintain them with quiet firmness.—MARCELLA.

'Kate Knossington.'—Cleverness and strong individuality are clearly perceptible in your handwriting notwithstanding that contradictory traits render it difficult to delineate. And although I have spent an unusual length of time in examining your specimen, I am by no means confident even now. You are observant, and possess much intuitive power, which, combined with discretion and good sense, make you an excellent judge of character, while your opinions and conclusions are generally accurate on subjects to which you devote your attention, although you rarely take a rose-coloured view of a case (please do not suppose that in making this statement I am influenced by the beautiful lines selected for your specimen; my reasons are purely graphological.) Your temper is good, but your spirits are uncertain. You receive impressions quickly, and are very susceptible to the influence of circumstances, easily elated and readily depressed, yet in contradiction to this you have a resolute will, much perseverance, and some love of rule. Your tastes are cultivated and intellectual; you are generous, but an excellent manager, affectionate and constant both in friendship and love. Your ambition and self-esteem are both very moderate, and there is no trace of personal vanity or egotism.—MARCELLA.

'Maria.'—I must preface my remarks on your specimen by reminding you and all my correspondents that I can only delineate writing as it is sent to me; therefore, if the specimen be not in the subject's usual calligraphy the character will be as it appears, and not as it actually is. The traits exhibited are only assumed—in other words, the writer has 'two sides to his or her character.' Your handwriting indicates an unusually forcible and self-reliant character. You have a powerful imagination, great mental vigour, and much originality and fearless independence. Your abilities are excellent, but you appreciate dolce far niente, and I am inclined to think that you scarcely do full justice to your capabilities. Your temperament is warm and passionately affectionate, yet this statement will be received with incredulity, as in the presence of the outside world you prefer to enfold yourself in a mantle of proud reserve, and to remain inscrutable. Your tastes are both artistic and intellectual. You are fond of poetry, and enjoy the study of architecture. You have an ample supply of determination, but you do not always take the trouble to exert it, as you have an insufficient share of ambition and perseverance. Your temper is warm, but not easily disturbed, and you are thoroughly good-natured. You are careful and slightly suspicious, never rashly betrayed into gushing friendships or imprudent confidences, yet you can assert your influence without effort, and are a generous friend, although both in friendship and love you are jealously tenacious of your rights.—MARCELLA.

MR MATHIESON TO MISS FISHER.

A VERY pretty wedding took place at St. Paul's Church, Wellington, on Wednesday last, when Miss Laura Fisher, well known in musical circles, and eldest daughter of Mr George Fisher (Mayor of Wellington), was married to Mr James Webster Mathieson, of the Auckland branch of the Bank of New Zealand.

THE church, which was filled with spectators and guests, looked prettier than ever before on such an occasion. The chief feature of the floral decoration was a high arch at the top of the central aisle, composed of lovely arum lilies, from which were hung two floral horseshoes.

THE ceremony was performed by the Rev. T. H. Sprott, assisted by the Rev. C. H. Tisdall. As the married couple left the church the bridegroom took the horseshoes from the arch, handed one to his wife and kept the other himself. The 'Wedding March' was played by Mr R. Parker. Mr Dawson acted as best man.

THE bride, who was given away by her father, looked exceedingly handsome in a lovely gown of rich white brocade trimmed with pearls, white chiffon, and wreaths of lilies of the valley; she also wore the usual veil and wreath of orange blossom. Her bouquet was of beautiful white flowers and ribbon ends.

THE two chief bridesmaids were Miss Marion Fisher (sister of the bride) and Miss L. Mathieson (sister of the bridegroom), who wore white muslin dresses with lace fichus trimmed with yellow bébé ribbon and white insertion, large white hats trimmed with white feathers and yellow flowers. They carried pretty bouquets of yellow cowslips. The four small ones looked sweet, they being the Misses Vera and Nellie Williams, Miss Irene Morris, and Miss J. Howie. They wore white muslin Kate Greenaway frock, trimmed with lace and ribbon bows and Juliet caps of white satin edged with pearls. Each carried a crook with red, white and green ribbon streamers hanging from them, these being the Italian colours.

THE bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome topaz brooch set with pearls, and to the elder bridesmaids, gold bangles set with topaz, amethysts and pearls, the smaller ones, gold bar brooches with the initial 'M' in pearls.

Mrs FISHER (mother of the bride) looked very nice in a black gown trimmed with jet, large white flowers, white black lace, jet bonnet trimmed with white flowers; Mrs Mathieson (mother of the bridegroom) also wore a handsome black and white costume; Mrs W. Fisher, handsome black silk gown and cape, and Mrs J. Howie, black and white (Gunn), a stylish costume of blue silk under black canvas, black hat trimmed with chiffon and pink roses; Mrs Bunny, neat tailor-made costume, large black hat, trimmed with broad brim; Mrs H. Howie, black and white, blue and white, trimmed with white silk and gold passementerie, bonnet to match; Mrs Tolhurst, handsome black silk and lace gown, yellow lace bonnet trimmed with pink flowers; Miss Tolhurst, mauve checked gown trimmed with mauve silk, toque of poppies and ribbon to match; Miss L. Tolhurst looked very nice in pale green crepe with elbow sleeves edged with deep lace, becoming toque to match; Mrs R. H. Williams, fawn crepon trimmed with silk to match, pink and gold bonnet; Mrs H. Howie, handsome black silk trimmed with jet embroidery, jet bonnet trimmed with cerise flowers; Mrs Stafford, black silk gown brocaded with blue flowers, pretty bonnet almost entirely composed of forget-me-nots; Miss Stafford, white spotted muslin, yellow straw hat with white feathers; Mrs Ritchie, brown satin trimmed with passementerie, gold bonnet with pink flowers; the Misses Ritchie (two), both wore cream gowns slightly trimmed with yellow, large picture bonnet, pink and gold bonnet; Mrs H. Howie, handsome black silk trimmed with tips and mauve tulle; Mrs R. M. Simpson, black silk, black bonnet trimmed with green; Mrs Martin, blue crepon gown trimmed with passementerie, black hat, trimmed with blue flowers; Mrs Hamer, fawn and green costume; Miss Blair, black gown trimmed with maroon shot silk fringe, hat to match; Miss Scully, black skirt, grey shot silk blouse, black hat trimmed with tips and shot ribbon; Mrs Seed, black costume; Miss Seed, black gown trimmed with pink and white striped bow, white straw hat with pink roses and black velvet; Miss Allen, blue and white striped costume, black toque with pink flowers; Miss M. Allen, violet gown trimmed with pink and white striped bow, black hat, trimmed with pink and white striped bow; Mrs Seed, black gown trimmed with pink and white striped bow, black hat, trimmed with pink and white striped bow; Mrs Prouse, very pretty blue and pale grey crepon gown, bonnet trimmed with pink and white striped bow; Mrs Seed, black gown trimmed with pink and white striped bow, black hat, trimmed with pink and white striped bow; The Premier, the Messrs Page, Prouse, Simpson, Martin, Ritchie, W. Fisher, G. Fisher, Williams, Tolhurst, Lindsay, and D. Fisher, were also among the guests.

THE bride looked very nice in her travelling costume, which was of blue corduroy faced with white, white vest, and stylish blue and white hat to match.

DR. BEATTIE TO MISS ANDERSON.

AN exceedingly pretty, though quiet, wedding was that of Miss Jeanie Anderson, second daughter of Mr W. Anderson, City Engineer, Auckland, to Dr. R. M. Beattie, of Seaford Asylum, Dunedin.

THE ceremony took place last Wednesday at the residence of the bride's parents, Ponsonby Road, Auckland. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Scott West. The drawing-room was prettily decorated for the occasion with white flowers and tresses of green foliage.

THE bride was given away by her father, and looked lovely in an exquisite white Duchesse satin. 'The Princess Maud' bodice was artistically arranged with a wide full belt caught at the side with a large bow, shirred chiffon sleeves of the new tight style with a full puff, and yoke and basque edged with pearl and silver sequin passementerie. She wore a tiara of orange blossoms and tulle veil, and carried a lovely shower bouquet of white stock, roses, and ixias with maidenhair fern.

THERE were four bridesmaids—Miss Anderson, Miss

May Cooper, Miss Jessie Sommerville, and Miss Cora Anderson. The first and third bridesmaids were attired in pretty frocks of cream figured taffeta with cream satin collars cut in tabs edged with puffings of chiffon, and carried choice bouquets composed of water-lilies, ferns and ixias, with white ribbon streamers. The second and fourth bridesmaids wore buttercup and white satin cape collars, and bouquets of tea roses and ferns. Each wore diamond and ruby brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom.

DR. SUTHERLAND attended Dr. Beattie as best man.

AFTER the ceremony the guests were entertained to afternoon tea, when the toasts customary on such occasions were proposed and suitably responded to. The bride and bridegroom are spending their honeymoon at the Lakes.

IN honour of the event, and of the marriage of the Town Clerk's son which took place in Melbourne on the same day, flags were flying from the Municipal Buildings, Albert Park, and the Fire Bell Tower.

Mrs ANDERSON (mother of the bride) wore a handsome black satin, yoke strapped with crushed strawberry ribbon covered with black lace, and trimmed with black sequins. Among the guests were Mr and Mrs Theo. Cooper, Rev. and Mrs Scott West, Dr. and Mrs Moir, Mrs Greer, Miss Stevenson, and Mrs Sommerville.

THE bride's travelling dress was a dark fawn bengaline with white shirtlet and tie, goblin blue vest, fawn Alpine hat with blue ribbon and quills.

The presents were numerous and handsome.



AUCKLAND.

DEAR BEE, NOVEMBER 3. I could not manage to crowd my account of Mrs Sowerby's dances into my last letter, so here they are. One of the prettiest sights one could wish to see was

MRS SOWERBY'S JUVENILE DANCE.

which took place on Wednesday in the Choral Hall. The decorations were capital. Large mirrors were placed round the walls and draped with red and yellow art muslin, and white arum lilies and their foliage ornamented every available corner. Mrs Sowerby, you know, is one of the best dancing teachers in Auckland, and her pupils are amply rewarded in watching the little misses dance. They can foot it prettily, but with such an air of little faces, trying to do her credit. I am sorry I shall not be able to tell you the names of all present, as I was unable to get a peep at the lists, and knew so few of the names of those there. It was very much amused at the way the little ones copied their elders. One little girl about nine years, gowned in some old-fashioned costume of a century ago, was asked to dance by a little chap two or three years younger in another fantastic costume, and with a gracious bend of her head she inscribed his name on her heart-shaped programme for the last waltz. The committee were Mesdames Goodall, Gorrie, Misses A. E. Davy, Bellairs, A. Hall, E. Hughes, Moses, Thompson, and Messrs Coath, F. Shora, Ansell, E. W. Marriner, C. Gilbert, C. Moses, and F. Long, and very energetic, finding the little ones partners, etc. On the programme every alternate dance was a fancy one of the pupils, and these were fantastically gone through, and reflected great credit on the teacher and pupils. The supper, which was set in the ante-room, was a very tasty affair of cakes, jellies, and sweets, and uniquely decorated with red and canary crinkles paper, alternately placed and flushed with fairy lights and vase of flowers. Indeed, it was a droll sight to see the gypsy gnomes, fairies, folies, flower-girls, cricketers, footballers, and Fauntleroy's whirling round the hall. Mrs Sowerby wore a black gown veiled in moonlight sequin net trimming. Both the gallery and platform was crowded with spectators. Amongst those present were Miss Hall, in blue Empire gown; Mrs Thompson, Misses Thompson and Chaffield; Mr Hull, a cricketer; Misses Florrie and Ethel Dixon; Miss—Nichol, pale blue, and her sister white relieved with yellow sash; Miss Violet James, red silk; Mr Sydney Woodroffe, Court dress; Miss Claud Newall, Eton jacket, etc.; Miss M. Kerr-Taylor, Highland Lassie; Mr Lancaster Kerr-Taylor, Highland costume; the Redoubt was very good, as also the Lady Lapshead, but I did not know their names. The Lapshead was a gown made of tissue paper, had en suite. The wearer had to be very careful it did not get torn as the hall was crowded with dancers. Miss Winnie Goodwin was very much admired in powder and patches, large black Gainsborough hat with feathers and red roses, white silk gown; and her little sister, white muslin; Miss Newall, Evening costume; Miss Ruby Newall looked very quaint indeed as the great-grandmother, quilled her patches, powdered paniers and bodies, white muslin cap; Miss Hewitt, white satin veiled in black lace; Mrs Woodroffe, a combination of yellow and black; Miss Woodroffe, looks pretty; as Kate Greenwood; Miss Clappcott, a Tambourine girl; Miss Brighams, 'Ma Petite Rose'; Miss Conolly, a Tambourine Girl; little Miss Jessie Giddis looked sweet as a Snowdrop; Mrs Claud Newall, terra cotta; Mrs Beattie, her sister, was a sailor; Miss Ruby Best drew forth many expressions of admiration, first as a Fairy, gowned in yellow chiffon, and then she changed into a little Yachtswoman, white plique yacht costume; Miss Gerrie, blue velvet with black lace; Miss Mary Gorrie, Empire gown; and her little sister, blue; Miss Wars, cream; Mrs Wars, dark skirt, light blouse; Miss—Lewis, yellow Liberty silk, powder and patches, yellow picture hat trimmed with brown velvet; Miss—Newall, a Tambourine Girl; Miss—Newall, a Jockey; Miss Winks, pale pink; Miss A. Davy, bright red Empire gown; Miss E. Davy, Nil-green Empire gown; Miss Bellairs, a Tambourine Girl; Miss E. Hughes looked very pretty in pale pink; Mrs—Newall was immense as the Masher with high title, etc.; Mr Keesing, a Turk; Miss—Stoman, white; Miss Claud Homes made a splendid Indian.

The next evening, Thursday, Mrs Sowerby gave a

FANCY DRESS BALL.

for adults in the same hall, the decorations mainly being the

THE ART OF MARRYING.

CHARACTERS:—Rev. Percy Woffington, M.A., Rector of Sandaan; Margaret, his wife; Daisy, their daughter; and Frank Panton, an eligible.

Scene:—The Rector's study, morning.

THE CAUSE.

REV. WOFFINGTON (writing out the house-keeping cheque): Margaret, our girls must get married.

Mrs Woffington: 'My dear, I'm sure they do their best.'

Rev. Woffington: 'Then they must surpass themselves. For the last five years we have been living beyond our income and spending our capital. That can't last.'

Mrs Woffington: 'Certainly not; but you see, dear, we can't force things. Of course, it's very expensive; but they must dress.'

Rev. Woffington (humorously): 'Quite so; but you see, for five years I have been sinking my capital in what we may call the Woffington Marriage Association, and the undertaking has not hitherto paid a dividend. Now, I look upon you as the managing director, and I say it's time our enterprise met with some success. Don't misunderstand me. Our girls are nice, good girls, quite attractive enough, and sufficiently accomplished. I'm not anxious to get rid of them, but I hold that the natural sphere for a woman is matrimony, and for the last few years we have been entertaining in our modest little way, and the girls have been visiting all about the county, and we ought to take advantage of this and see them properly settled.'

Mrs Woffington: 'Young men are so tiresome nowadays.'

Rev. Woffington: 'And so poor.'

Mrs Woffington: 'And so wrapped up in cricket and football.'

Rev. Woffington: 'Not to mention comic operas.'

Mrs Woffington: 'And the girls are so different. They don't seem to look upon marriage as they used to. When I was a girl we were taught to look upon it as the coping stone of our education; but now they wonder if a woman is justified in burying herself alive.'

Rev. Woffington: 'Now, there is young

Panton. For the last twelve months he has been running about after Daisy. He's not rich, to be sure, but his prospects are not half bad, and he seems to be a capital sort of a fellow. Now, can't you use a little tact and bring things to a head? If we once made a start no doubt the others would follow.'

Mrs Woffington (thoughtfully): 'I'll see what I can do, Percy.'

Rev. Woffington: 'I am going to make one or two calls in the parish. Speak to Daisy this morning. I'll send her to you as I go out. (Exit.)'

Mrs Woffington: 'Yes, I'll speak to her, but it won't do to set about it quite like that.'

Daisy (entering): 'What's up, mater?'
Mrs Woffington: 'Sit down, dear. I want to talk to you. Your father has been grumbling about Frank Panton paying you so much attention.'

Daisy: 'Well, I'm sure there's no harm in it.'

Mrs Woffington: 'He says that Frank is continually with you.'

Daisy: 'What of it? We do it openly. Everybody sees us.'

Mrs Woffington: 'My dear girl, I'm not blaming you. I stood up for you. I don't see any harm in young people indulging in a little harmless—well— flirtation, as long, of course, as it isn't carried too far. But, of course, your father has such very peculiar views on these things, and I know you wouldn't like to offend him.'

Daisy: 'Of course not, but I don't see that he's got anything to be offended about. Even if Frank proposed, I don't see that the pater could object. His position is about as good as most of the men we know.'

Mrs Woffington: 'Couldn't you manage to like Mr Marlowe?'

Daisy: 'No, I'm sure I couldn't.'

Mrs Woffington: 'He comes into a lot of money some day, and he's steady.'

Daisy: 'He's a fool.'

Mrs Woffington (shocked): 'Daisy!'

Daisy: 'So he is, mater, and you know it. I don't know that I want to marry anybody, so there's no need for the pater to get into a panic, but, if I had to marry one of them, I'd rather marry Frank on twopence a week, than that donkey.'

Mrs Woffington: 'Well, well, dear, we mustn't get angry about it.'

Daisy (steadily): 'And I don't see why papa should object about Frank.'

Mrs Woffington: 'Your father has such very funny views, my dear.'

Daisy: 'It's absurd. I believe Frank is very fond of me, and if he says anything, I'm not at all sure but what I should accept him. I don't see that papa would have any ground to oppose us.'

Mrs Woffington: 'Of course, if it ever came to that, Daisy, I shouldn't oppose you, and I should help you as much as I could with your father, but I can't answer for him. Is Frank going to be at the dance to-night?'

Daisy: 'Yes.'

Mrs Woffington: 'Well, if I were you, I wouldn't let his attentions be too pronounced. Your father and I will both be there, and he is so fussy about you girls. Keep him at a little distance. Don't be too much at his disposal.'

Daisy (thoughtfully): 'Perhaps you are right.'

THE EFFECT.

(Time.—The following morning. Rev. Woffington seated at work. Enter Frank Panton, nervously.)

Frank: 'Good morning, sir.'

Rev. Woffington: 'What, Frank, my boy, anything the matter? Sit down.'

Frank (speaking rapidly, and without a stop): 'Yes, sir—that is, No—it's Daisy. I spoke to her last night, I want to marry her, I'm very fond of her, and I'll try to make her a good husband, and I want your permission.'

Rev. Woffington (looking shocked and disappointed): 'You want to marry Daisy?'

Frank: 'Yes, sir.'

Rev. Woffington: 'She's very young, and so are you, Frank.'

Frank: 'I am twenty-six. I love Daisy very much, and—(swallowing something) I think she likes me.'

Rev. Woffington (shaking his head with a grave smile): 'Ah, young people only think of that, they don't look to the future. I don't want to part with my girls, Frank.'

Frank (argumentatively): 'You'll have three left, sir.'

Rev. Woffington: 'Still, I should be losing one. Perhaps I had better ask my

wife to come here. I never interfere in these things. (Rings a bell.)

Rev. Woffington (to servant): 'Ask your mistress to come here for a few minutes. (To Frank) What about your father?'

(To Frank) 'I have spoken to him, Mr Woffington. He gives his very hearty approval. (Enter Mrs Woffington.)'

Rev. Woffington: 'Margaret, this young man wishes to marry Daisy. How old is she?'

Mrs Woffington: 'Twenty-three in May.'

Rev. Woffington: 'Isn't that too young?'

Mrs Woffington: 'I wasn't twenty-one when I married you. You didn't think me too young.'

Rev. Woffington (smiling kindly): 'No, dear, but things are so different nowadays. Well, I shall leave it to you, Margaret.'

Mrs Woffington: 'I think you ought to decide, Percy.'

Rev. Woffington (firmly): 'No, dear! Mothers understand their daughters best. You must decide.'

Mrs Woffington: 'If I decide I shall say yes!'

(Mr Woffington rises solemnly from his seat, and placing his left hand on his wife's shoulder, gives his right to Frank.)

Rev. Woffington (with the air of a man who feels he is making a noble sacrifice): 'Then, Frank, you must take that as your answer.—L.W., in *Black and White*.

WHERE HE WAS.

A VISITOR from Manchester had been invited to address the Sunday-school.

'I am reminded, children,' he said, 'of the career of a boy who was once no larger than some of the little fellows I see before me. He played truant when he was sent to school, went fishing every Sunday, ran away from home when he was ten years old, learned to drink, smoke tobacco and play cards. He went into bad company, frequented stables and low taprooms, finally became a pickpocket, then a forger, and one day in a fit of drunkenness he committed a cowardly murder. Children, he continued impressively, 'where do you think that boy is now?'

'He stands before us' cried the children, as with one voice.

PEARS

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The Queen

AND



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TRANSVAAL WITCHES.

A CALCUTTA correspondent sends the following interesting narrative illustrating the clairvoyance of South African "witch doctors," the circumstances having occurred in the Transvaal:—

"Myself and friend were out on a hunting and prospecting trip with a Boer, and were travelling with a wagon and oxen, with, of course, our saddle horses for long distance work.

"We had "padded the hoof" for a long distance this particular day, and about 2 o'clock we had outspanned some little distance from a "spring" or small stream. The boys had gone to the water with the oxen, the vrasu stew was in the three-legged iron pot over the fire and we had thrown ourselves down under the wagon to get a smoke and rest in the shade.

"Nearly on the point of dozing off to sleep, I heard something moving in the grass, and not knowing what it might be, as we were far enough from civilization for it to be almost anything, I quietly got upon my knee to look over the grass, at the same time grasping my rifle ready for any emergency. But there was no necessity for that, as it was a Kaffir coming to the wagon, and from his peculiar style of dress I knew him to be a "witch doctor."

"I had often seen these fellows, and had heard a great deal about what they could do in the way of telling past, present and future events, but, although the Boers employ and believe in them, I must say that up to this time I certainly had no faith in their powers, but I was fated to hear something this day which was more than passing strange, and has made me many times ask myself the question, "What is it?"

"The doctor had a belt of akus around his loins, a skin cap upon his head, with two or three long feathers stuck in it, and attached to his loin belt were two or three small bags made from kid or lamb's skin. Upon coming up to the wagon, he saluted in Kaffir style and squatted upon his heels without further addressing us. After a while my friend asked: "Shall we get him to throw his 'dol osen?"—meaning for him to throw out of one of the bags the different articles is contained on to the ground, and according as they laid, to read things from them. These articles consisted of pieces of glass, crockery, bone, iron, stone, etc., in fact, an utterly worthless medley, but from which they profess to tell the past, present, and future.

"After asking him to throw them for us he agreed to do so, but demanded that we each give him sixpence, and loosening his bag he asked, "For which boss shall I throw first?" My friend Bill was duly elected premier. After throwing the "osen" on he immediately began by saying that "two or three years ago the big boss went across the big waters to white man's country, and during the time he was there he fell in love with a young lady. He was going to be married to her, but she died. Now he is engaged to another young lady in Pretoria, but although they are very fond of each other they will never marry, as her father will break the engagement because he has not money enough to please him."

"During the time the doctor was saying this he did not raise his eyes from the "osen." It seemed as if he were really reading something from them; and Bill and I were looking at one another in astonishment, as it was perfectly true that he was in Europe at the time mentioned, and while touring on the Continent fell in with a very nice, jolly German family travelling in the same direction, got very intimate with them, and eventually fell in love with the daughter, and was engaged to be married to her in the following September, when, to his great sorrow, she fell ill and died. Thus the past event told was correct.

"It was also true that at the present time he was engaged to a young lady in Pretoria. I was a friend of both and am satisfied that they were very, very fond of each other, and were looking forward to a happy married existence, which they both deserved. The present was true.

"Now comes the most curious part of the affair. About four months after this the young lady's father really did break the engagement, stating that he did not think Bill was in a good enough position to keep his daughter as she had been in the habit of living, and he would not sanction the match. The future came true.

"After having finished with Bill the doctor threw the "osen" for me, but immediately picked them up and replaced them in the bag, saying "they were too tired, they would not talk to him any more." Of course we knew there was something up, so I ordered him to throw them again, which he did, but only to gather them up as before. Upon using a great deal of pressure he at last said he did not want to hurt my feelings, as what they had to say was not pleasant news; but upon my again commanding him to throw and read them he did so, and you can easily imagine that under the circumstances our curiosity was

raised to a great pressure to know what was coming for me.

"Upon looking at them for some minutes he said: "The boss lives half an hour to foot, the other side of Proot Dorp. He is a married man and has two little daughters, and the youngest of them, about 18 months old, is so very ill that the medicine doctors say she can't live, and her mother is walking about with her in her arms in a very excited state, and is saying, "She will die, and her father will not get home in time to see her again."

"Well, you can imagine that after the truths he had told about Bill, and knowing that what he was telling me about my residence, wife and family was also perfectly true, it gave us both a bit of a shock,

especially myself. I tried to look cheerful and laugh it off, but could not, so at least I took out my pocketbook and made a note of the day, time and words used by the doctor, and Bill initiated in and our Boer friend said: "Karels, it sal zeker de waarheit was." (Man, it is certainly the truth.)

"The matter was forgotten during the next day or so, and it was about six weeks before we reached home—as we were some 400 miles north of Pretoria at the time—and just as I jumped off the wagon to embrace my wife and children, she said: "Oh! Tom, darling, I am so glad you have come, for our little Violet has been so ill that the doctors gave her up and said she would certainly die." I then thought about the witch doctor, and immediately hailed out my pocket book, asking my wife what date the child was so ill. She immediately gave me the same date as that in my book and the time of day exactly corresponding.

"When I asked her if she could recollect any particular thing she said in her excitement over the child's serious state, she said: "Yes, dear; I could think of nothing else as I was carrying her about the bedroom but, 'Oh, my little darling! I am afraid your dada will never see you again.'"

"Here is the whole thing. "What is it?"

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A soothing, healing and emollient milk for benefitting the skin: removes Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness, Roughness, etc., and is warranted harmless.

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Dyes the hair a natural and permanent Brown or Black. Ask Druggists and Grocers for Rowlands' articles of 20, Hatton Garden, London, England, and avoid cheap poisonous imitations.

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The best resource for every housekeeper—affording a constant variation in the daily menu.

TINNED FRUIT is Delicious with BIRD'S CUSTARD. The Fruit with Syrup should be emptied into one glass dish and the Custard poured into another. A portion of the Fruit and Custard when served upon each plate forms a most attractive dish. BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER can be obtained wherever Tinned Fruit is sold.

Storekeepers can obtain supplies of Bird's Custard and Bird's Concentrated Egg Powders, Bird's Baking and Bird's Blanc-Mange Powders, from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

'A Kaffir, you may say, almost a savage, perfectly uneducated, did not understand a single word of English, had never seen us before—at least, not to our knowledge—comes out in the bush and for a chilling tells you the most thrilling truths, both past, present, and future; in fact, what I consider most wonderful was his telling me the very words my darling wife was saying, in her great agony of mind, at the very moment he was telling me 400 miles away.

"The affair has always been a great mystery to myself and friend. We have told of it many times to friends, some believing, others doubting it, and we still remain in ignorance of what it could be; therefore, I have at last come to the determination to ask some one to answer my question, "What is it?"

Without attempting to enter into details, our correspondent's question may be answered in a few words. There are various methods of natural divination, divided into two broad classes.

The first of these is based on the fact that the soul itself, from its own nature and essence, has some foreknowledge of future things, as well as a retrospective view of the past. By means of this soul power, acting as clairvoyance and clairaudience, the Kaffir saw the sick child and heard the spoken words. The second general class is based on the postulate that the soul, after the manner of a mirror, receives some secondary illumination. This may be set up by artificial divination (external signs, etc.) The casting of the bits of stone by the Kaffir, comes under the head of lithomancy. By observing the relative position of the various pieces, as regards size, colour, etc., he formed a general idea or skeleton of the facts to be known, and with this as a basis he was able to become en rapport clairvoyantly with the exact facts of the past, and the probable facts of the future, so far as they had been mapped out by Karma. The whole operation comes within the range of natural laws, though they are little understood at present.

TREASURES OF THE LATE SHAH.

THE late Shah was a good king, an amiable despot, a firm, wise and merciful ruler, who had the welfare of Persia at heart, and was neither a tyrant nor a voluptuary, says the Fortnightly Review. His pleasures were simple in the extreme; he was a sportsman par excellence, a man who delighted in the hunting of big game, a fine shot with gun or rifle, one who, like the late King of Italy, rejoiced in violent exercise as a relief from town life and the cares of state. The late Shah was no idle or vicious despot; he did not smoke, and his diet was of the simplest, and he was a merciful king. He it was who did away with the hateful custom of the Shah preceding in person at execution. It was said outside the country that the late Shah was a monster of avarice; this was hardly so, for the vast sums exacted as fines and bribes from the grandees of the kingdom were not spent in show and riotous living, but placed in the royal treasure house as a nest egg for the evil days that may come to his successors. The long struggle that took place between the late King and an arrogant priesthood lasted for many years, and the Shah succeeded in shaking himself clear of the mollas, and in reducing their enormous claims upon the public purse. Persia is no longer a priest-ridden country. The vast wealth in jewels and specie left by the late Shah will be inherited by the new one, and fifteen millions are not too high an estimate of its worth, the great globe of gold incrustated with huge gems being valued at £1,000,000, while the historical diamond, the Deryab-i-Nur, or Sea of Light, and a vast treasure of gems, cut and uncut, among which are strings of perfect pearls, as big as sparrows' eggs, form part of the largest and most valuable collection of precious stones in the world; these and the cellars full of coined gold, mostly English sovereigns and Russian imperials, and bare and ingots of pure gold, all pass with the bejewelled peacock throne, the spoil of the Conqueror Nadir, to the fortunate Mussaffar ed-Deen, who commences his reign as the wealthiest monarch in the world.

FOUNDER OF THE RED CROSS.

HENRI DUNANT, the founder of the Red Cross movement and the originator of the International Geneva Convention, is announced to be lying in poverty and sickness in his old age in a small foreign hospital. "Something has been done, we believe," says the British Medical Journal, "out of the modest funds by some of the Red Cross societies to relieve his most urgent wants, and we are glad to see that Herr Rummelin, the Burgomaster of Stuttgart, has formed a committee for the purpose of making some further provision for the philanthropist, who, after rendering such great services to humanity, has fallen upon evil days in his old age."

HOW TO SWIM.

WITH the advent of the warm weather we shall all be taking to the water once more, and it is of the very first importance that we should all learn how to swim and how to swim well.

The best teachers say that two years, swimming one hundred times each season, is none too long to make a good swimmer, and that if he has already learned a defective stroke it will take him an additional year to get rid of it.

One of the chief defects of the breast stroke is that the motion of the legs is unnatural, and, unlike any other made by a human being, is such that the muscles employed cannot be developed in any other form of exercise. This effect is completely overcome in the side stroke, the motion of the legs closely resembling that of a runner in full stride.

The great defect with most swimmers is that they strike the over arm and the legs at the same time. This style of swimming is now quite out of date and no longer used by the experts because it gives the body a jerky motion and often splashes badly.

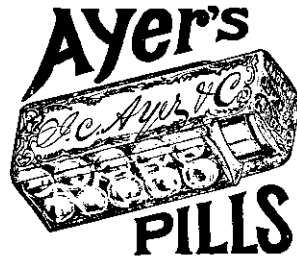
The breathing is one of the great difficulties of this stroke. The escape of the air must be stopped at the back of the mouth, by the tongue and uvula, and not by the lips.

the breathing. The breath is inhaled during the forward swing of the upper arm, so as to give a full chest for the powerful propelling upper arm stroke.

Although this is the best stroke of all for women few of them have the patience to learn it, and many object to it because they cannot see where they are going.

MILLAIS' IMPROMPTU TALK.

THE late Sir John Millais was in the chair at the dinner given at the Arts Club in honour of Leighton's appointment as president. He made an admirable speech—so frank, so sympathetic, so eloquent, so unstudied.



Cure DYSPEPSIA, Cure BILIOUSNESS, Cure CONSTIPATION, Cure SICK HEADACHE.

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A TEST FOR HORSEFLESH.

M. HUMBERT, through the Revue de Médecine Veterinaire, tells us that chemical tests will determine whether a given specimen of meat is from the horse or from the flesh of any other animals usually used for food.



THE UMBRELLA BUILT FOR TWO.

Now on the sand at Briton, Where the up to date Triton Softly towsen garbage wavelets on the beach;

All thought of self thus losing, In their democratic twosong, His sentiments he's giving to her straight;

Yet outside the great umbrella, That hides the girl and 'fellar,' Swiftly gathers there a gaping crowd and grand;

PARIS' QUEER SECTS.

THE mysterious apparition of the Virgin at Tilly-sur-Seulle this last winter has brought to light a very strange prophecy, uttered thirty years ago by Vintras, the originator of what was and is still known as Vintrianism, in reality a branch of the Luciferian sect.

Strange as it may seem, Paris, so essentially Catholic as she is, is in reality the headquarters of all the religious cranks who flourish upon the face of the globe, and the fountain head for some of the strangest religions which have sprung up among us during the last fifty years.

Prominent among these strange sects are the Luciferians. La Semaine Religieuse de Paris, the official Catholic paper, has been forced to recognize the existence of Lemmie, the anti-Pope—this Lemmie is a capped convict—upon whom the Palladiats have conferred the tiara of Lucifer.

In the dying throes of Freemasonry a formidable religion is germinating—Palladium, whose supreme head is installed in Charleston, the Jerusalem of the internal Messiah; its propaganda in Rome and its college of cardinals in Berlin.

TWO LUCIFERIAN PRIESTESSES.

These two Luciferian priestesses have been much talked about in Paris. Francois de Ninon tells of the writings of the prophecies against the Holy See, which appear in flaming letters on Sophia's bare shoulders.

ANSWERS

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.B.—Consult a lawyer. We do not advise on legal points.

FANNY X.—Your father should ask the young man's intentions.

X.—If the young lady insists upon having SURATURA TEA it is evidence of thrift.

TAXPAYER.—It is a simple calculation. If 1lb of SURATURA TEA at 1s 10d per lb lasts you four weeks, while 1lb of tea you mention at 1s 10d was used in a week, it stands to reason that you pay in four weeks for the tea you have been using—4lb at 1s 10d, is 4d; as against 1s 10d, a saving of 5s 6d in a month by using SURATURA.

WAGER.—You win, SURATURA is not prepared by hand, but by machinery.

ENQUIRER.—Eight hours from the time it is growing, it has been packed in boxes and packets. Quite right; there is no more necessity to blend tea than there is to blend butter or pepper. SURATURA TEA is sold to the public as pure and as fresh as if it were grown in your own garden.

AMOUNT TO BE MAINTAINED.—It's a good suggestion, and will be considered.

NEMO.—A written guarantee that SURATURA is not blended with Opium or India can be obtained if necessary.



DR. WALLACE, the Eminent Specialist in all Nervous Diseases, Registered in England and the Colonies as a Physician and Surgeon,

Having a reputation second to none for curing complaints of a NERVOUS character, from whatever cause arising.

Old and obsolete methods discarded; the New American remedy for Debility proved absolutely effective, known only to Dr. WALLACE. Cures cases pronounced hopeless. Thirty years' experience in Europe, America, and Australia. My BOOK has opened the eyes of numbers of both sexes to their true condition. A perfectly readable book. Send Six Penny Stamps at once. By the post, one freely and confidentially. The charge of 4/6 FOUND ONLY is made by Dr. WALLACE.

Morbid fancies eradicated, and the future made bright. Don't waste valuable time.

If you suffer from any, or many, of the following symptoms, don't delay a moment. Write and receive prompt reply.—Depression of spirits, listlessness, inability to look frankly into the eyes of another, headache, hair coming out, dim sight, noise in the head and ears, weak memory, forgetting dates, persons' names, places, etc., loss of voice, taste, or smell, swollen eyes, pimples on face, paleness of face and lips, look old for years, stunted in growth, palpitation of heart, pain in or under breastbone, shortness of breath, indigestion, with oppression after food, constipation or irregular bowels, flatulency, gravel, weakness or pain across small of back, loss of muscular power, gloomy, morose, fearful of something going to happen, disturbed sleep, moaning, talking, grinding teeth, fearful or want to laugh.

I have known instances in which most of these symptoms were present in one patient. As a rule a great many are present. In no case are many absent.

DR. WALLACE 91 Pitt-st., Sydney, or Box 52, Park-st. P.O.

be the mother of anti-Christ. The latter is now living under the condition of a demon and woe-me. When with Chambers and Mackey we summon her and she calls me Holy Mother."

There are two churches dedicated to the worship of Lucifer in Paris. Every Friday at three o'clock, Lucifer shows himself, and the white mass is celebrated, which is called the reversed mass. The officiating magi, or Grand Mistres, wears a chasuble, with the cross turned upside down. Over the altar Lucifer is represented as a young man with folded wings, descending from a flaming sky. In his right hand he holds a torch; in his left a horn of plenty. On the table stand three statues—Beelzebub, with uplifted hand, announces the coming of Lucifer; Ashtar, sweet of face, holds the medalion of the Ox, and Moloch, protected by a shield upon which is sculptured a lion's head.

The gospel read in the mass is taken from the book of Apudon, written in green ink by Lucifer and signed by him. The Luciferians, so Dr. Bataille affirms, own India and China, and he says that in America and Europe the supreme and definite struggle will be fought.

The recent apparitions at Tilly-sur-Seulle recall this wonderful prophecy of Vintras, and have given an impetus to the cult he founded, which was almost forgotten.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives a very interesting account of a visit to Jules Bois, the author of 'Satanism et Magie,' and that other strange book called 'Les Petites Religions de Paris.' As the explanation and summary of the prophecy concerning this miraculous apparition of the Virgin it is very lucid.

Pilgrims still visit Vintras' altar at Montplaine, which has lately been desecrated by obscene verses. It is said by those who say they have seen the miracle that during the prayers, while the celebrant chanted the praises of Eusapia, he was raised from the floor and carried aloft by invisible hands.

His church was accused of being a receptacle of impurities, and Vintras was arrested. Those who preached against the prophet were most strangely afflicted—Bardont, who had refused to plead Vintras' case, fearing ridicule, went crazy; Mgr. Faysant, Bishop of Angers, died suddenly after a dinner, during which he had attacked Pierre Michel; Mgr. Varin, Bishop of Strasburg, who had written an article against the sect, was killed most mysteriously.

Another equally strange sect in Paris are the Essenes. They were found to exist in Paris about two years ago, under the leadership of Marie Gerard. Even Renan seems to have been but little acquainted with them. According to the visions of the Blessed Catherine Emmerich, Jesus, under the form of a young man, appears, walking among and talking with them. The Grand Priestess of the Essenes lives in Paris. She says:—"Our worship is the most beautiful and purest of all, for it has never been persecuted; it has always been crushed, and is always suffering. It is due to it that France has remained a great nation. Joan of Arc was one of us. She was the Second Messiah, the Woman Messiah, who was to complete the work of the Man Redeemer. We differ from the Catholics because we love Jesus and hate St. Paul, who was neither spiritual nor feminine."

"We adore the eternal, absolute, and just God, as father and mother of humanity. Our two Messiahs reflect this equality of the sexes—Jesus came to teach us the divine law, Joan affirmed it. We affirm the reincarnation of souls as indispensable for the education of human beings, which is continued after death."

A strange feature of all these new sects is the prominence given to women by them. Woman in every case is supreme. Even at Tilly a mysterious woman in black has upset all the theorists, and caused the good Abbe Brette's great uneasiness. But whether these apparitions are due to the prophecy of Vintras, are the work of a divine agent or merely the result of religious hysteria, the fact remains unaltered that the peasants of France, especially, are thoroughly demoralised, and the parish priests have, after some hesitation, decided to speak very plainly and strongly from their pulpits.

WOMEN'S STREET CAR PRIVILEGES.

In New York, recently, the development of the new woman received a lift. A woman boarded one of the Broadway open smoking cars, produced a cigar and proceeded to enjoy a smoke. The conductor ordered her off the car, but the next day the superintendent reproved the conductor and ordered that all women who wished to smoke on the open cars should be allowed to do so.

"I didn't mean to reflect on you," said a wit to a man he had insulted. "No," was the reply, "you are not polished enough to reflect on anybody."

BALLOONS FOR THE FRENCH NAVY.

During the last year the French army has been experimenting with balloons. To every marching regiment a balloon corps has been attached and ascensions made at all the manoeuvres. These experiments have proved very successful, as the aerial scout can obtain from his high position a perfect knowledge of the enemy's movements.

Russia has employed this method for the last five years, and during the building of the great Kiel canal, and the consequent strengthening of the forts at entrances on

the Baltic and North Seas, these Russian spies were enabled to obtain perfect plans and drawings of the work being done so secretly by the German government.

Aroused by the success attending these land manoeuvres by balloons, the French navy has decided to experiment with balloons at sea. For this purpose a French cruiser has been set apart to be used as an anchorage and for carrying the balloon and its attendant paraphernalia when not in use.

The 'Stax' is a cruiser belonging to the Mediterranean squadron, and used especi-

ally for these experiments. The balloon is placed, half inflated, on the stern deck, and is thus always ready for immediate service. It apparently does not take up much space, but if one stops to consider that, besides the balloon itself, the vessel is supposed to carry the complete outfit for inflating, and the enormous lengths of rope or cable for holding and guiding the balloon, one can gain some idea of the space occupied.

The introduction of balloons into marine service is intended to reduce to the smallest possible number necessary the scouts, so to speak, needed in a squadron. A naval army in marching order needs, the same as a marching army, to be kept carefully and quickly informed of the presence and movements of the enemy. Another vital and necessary point is to know these movements when the enemy is as far away as possible, and this, it is believed, can be easily accomplished from a balloon.

The well-equipped navies of to-day are surrounded and guarded by cruisers, patrols and torpedo boats. These vessels represent to a navy what the outposts and scouts are to an army. The distance which these guards can put between themselves and the gunboats is necessarily limited in order to be of the service demanded of them. Torpedoes and rams lie so low in the water that their view is in consequence limited and their utility for reporting a neighbour's movements greatly restricted. This necessitates the employment of a great number to be of any practical use to a squadron, and entails, as can easily be seen, a great and almost unnecessary expense.

To-day a squadron possesses in the balloon a precious auxiliary, though a cumbersome one. But its advantages are so numerous that its inconvenience is nullified.

Connected telegraphically or telephonically with a vessel, the officers in charge of the squadron can be kept in constant and perfect communication with all the movements of the enemy's ships, even at a distance of many miles.

FORTUNES IN FENCES.

There are fortunes in New York fences. The acreage of advertising space on blank fences and billboards in New York is said to be larger than the ground used as sites for all the churches or all the theatres in the city. If the miles of signs along New York's busy thoroughfares could be spread out together they would completely cover the entire lower end of Manhattan Island from the Battery nearly to Fourteenth-street.

The rental of this perpendicular property is rather larger in the aggregate than that of many fair-sized villages throughout the country, says a New York exchange; and much of it comes higher by the square foot than real estate in the city limits of Brooklyn, Boston or Philadelphia. Advertising space commands a higher rental than any space used for similar purposes anywhere in the world.

These remarkable signs have, however, a greatly exaggerated value in Gotham. Most advertising men agree that the rates charged are more or less fantastic. This is due to the fact that advertising in America is carried on on a much larger scale than any country in the world, and New York is the centre of such interests.

Soon after the demolition of the Metropolitan Hotel, at Broadway and Prince-street, it was learned that the representative of a very large bill-posting concern called on the agents for the property and asked the price of the privileges of erecting a fence thereon, the space being about 300 feet on Broadway by 200 on Prince-street. After some consideration the real estate man announced that £1,600 would about fill the bill, provided, of course, the advertising men put up their own fence. This was a trifle too high for the would-be lessees, and a compromise was finally effected for £1,000 per annum.

Another cheap little piece of advertising space marks the site of the old *Herald* building, at Broadway and Ann street. This only costs the advertising man £500 a year, and they had to do a job of arguing to get it at that price. The man who owns the property at Broadway and Thirty-sixth street, was also enabled to rent his fence at an astonishing figure. The ninety feet of running space controlled does not bring bankruptcy by any means—only £200 a year. Still another producer of unearned increment is a board partition at Broadway and Bleecker-street, comprising an area of 100 running feet. Any one wishing to outdo the present lessees for the privilege of decorating the same will have to pay the present rate of £300. A prominent advertising space owner said:

"It is impossible to estimate either the amount of capital invested or the space occupied in the business of bill posting. Take one firm, for instance. The largest firm of bill-board advertisers controls 100,000 feet of fences alone, not counting blind walls and bill-boards. Of these latter there are probably 10,000 in the city of a uniform size of 7 x 3½ feet. These, how-

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Purifies, Vitalizes, Enriches the Blood; Gives New Life, Health and Vigour.



Mr. Alfred C. Jolliffe, of Granville, So. Australia, whose portrait we give above, writes:

"I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in England for years before coming to Australia. At times I was much troubled with boils and other eruptions of the skin, caused, the doctors told me, by the running down of my system and general debility. The only medicine that has ever done me lasting good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has always cured me—purifying my blood, and giving me new life and health and vigour."

The wonderful success of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in purifying the blood and restoring health and strength to systems enfeebled by disease, or the enervating effect of a warm climate, has led to the placing on the market of other preparations called Sarsaparilla. Remember that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and be sure that you get **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA** which has stood the test of time, has won the highest awards at the world's great expositions, and has been a blessing to the people of Australia, and all civilized countries, for more than a generation. No other medicine operates so effectually in removing general debility, languor, and all outward symptoms of the grave mischief caused by disordered nerves and impure blood.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Known all Over the World for Its Excellence.

AYER'S PILLS, Sugar Coated—Mild but Effective.

ASPINALL'S ENAMEL

Unequaled for all Decorative Purposes.

COLOURS EXQUISITE. BRILLIANT GLOSS.

DURABLE AND EFFECTIVE.

ASPINALL your own Homes. Aspinall's Enamel can be used successfully by an amateur, and should be in every house. For Touching Up and Re-Enamelling Bedsteads, Chairs, Screens, Vases, Baths, Hot Water Cans, &c., &c., it is invaluable, and is useful for Repainting Cupboards, Doors, Waincots, and all articles of Wickerwork, Metal, or Glass. A few tins of Aspinall will completely transform a shabby room with very little trouble or expense. Be careful to use good brushes, as by that means the best results are obtained. Lady Cyclists should ask for Aspinall's Special Cycle Black.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS, Insist on ASPINALL'S.

ever, are devoted to theatrical posters, and, after their erection, cost practically nothing, complimentary tickets paying for the space they occupy in front of saloons, cigar stores and other prominent places. The capital tied up in the business is fully £300,000 at the lowest figure.

Who the greatest advertisers are depends upon the season of the year. In the winter the theatres do the greater part; in spring the patent medicines and circus men run neck and neck. Like the poor, the tobacco men and various "food" concerns are always with us.

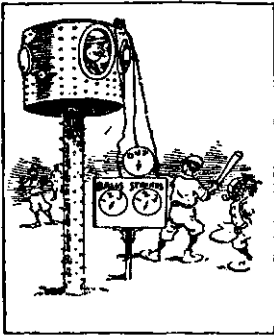
A FAMOUS PARISIAN.

PARIS has lost one of her most renowned citizens. This is Felix Potin, the great epicure, whose groceries were indispensable to the comfort of every well-ordered Parisian household. He even gave a new word to the French language, for a particular kind of spiced gossip has been long called a *potin*. Felix was famous for his charitable disposition.

Hair from the heads of criminals, paupers, and dead people in China constitutes an article of export in that empire amounting to £100,000 yearly.

PATENTS TO BE CONSIDERED BY THE BASEBALL LEAGUE.

THESE are patents which have been submitted to the Baseball League of the United States. Perhaps it would be well if the New Zealand Rugby Union obtained the rights for this colony.



1.—Boiler-plate armoured and spiked-house for umpire, with electrical decision annunciator.



2.—Opera-glasses with funnel attachment for sighting and catching high flies.



3.—Trolley attachment for base-runner. Lift up the feet, pull the string and the player is carried with wonderful rapidity.



4.—Ball-catching device for men behind the bat. Warranted not to miff foul balls.



5.—The rooster's noise-maker. Anybody can work it.

LATTER ANCHORITES.

ADMIRERS of mediæval customs will find in Furnes, a quaint Belgian town, one of the most remarkable survivals of those picturesque, long gone days, when mystery plays were in fashion, when religious observances were far more striking and dramatic than they are now, and when, in a word, the unseen forces of the universe awayed and impressed the minds of mortals in a manner of which we moderns have little conception. At Furnes to-day is little celebrated the procession of penitence, just as it has been celebrated for several hundred years.

This remarkable ceremony was instituted, according to Flemish historians, in the year 1093, under the auspices of the Count of Flanders, Robert II. of Jerusalem, its object being to show honour to the relics which were brought to Furnes in that year from the Holy Land. Through the centuries it has been celebrated, almost always with the same earnestness, precision and attention to detail. The time fixed for it came a few days ago, and at a quarter to four o'clock in the afternoon it began. The whole town awaited it. Shops were closed, wayfarers lined the streets, hats were doffed, cigars were thrown away, pipes were pocketed. Then the bells of St. Nicholas began to ring, and straightway out into the central square swept a long line of bare-footed penitents.

Slowly they march between the two files of spectators, at their head being six musicians dressed in mediæval costume. A weird chant these musicians play, but more weird and strange is the sight of the penitents, who are not hired mummers or mutes but honest men and women of Furnes and the neighbouring district, to whom this is really a religious ceremony. Many groups of them there are, and at the head of each group walks an angel—a little girl—who explains in Flemish what the group represents.

MANY NOTABLE SIGHTS.

After the angel, one by one, come the men and women penitents, each carrying a heavy signboard, on which are inscribed, either in Flemish or Latin, sentences from the Old or New Testament, descriptive of the various Biblical events shown in the procession. The first groups are dedicated to the Old Testament, and represent in turn the sacrifice of Isaac, Moses and the

serpent, the eight prophets, the three punishments, and the repentance of David and other notable pre-Christian events. Then we see St. John, the forerunner of Christ, with a company of shepherds and hermits, and so we come by easy transition to the memorable scenes connected with the birth, passion and death of Our Lord.

These latter scenes are, as a rule, depicted on wood, which is painted and carved in a half-realistic fashion. In such wise are represented the Lord's Supper, the Garden of Olives, Ecce Homo, the Scourging, and the Denial of St. Peter. These heavy paintings are carried by the penitents of both sexes, the women being distinguished by their statures, their gait, and their feet. The great load bows them down, the heavy brushes tire them and the sun's heat adds to their distress, but not for a moment is their serenity or patience disturbed. Some even are called upon to perform a harder task than this. Certain of the large wooden paintings, such as those of the stable at Bethlehem and of the Holy Sepulchre are placed in heavy chariots, and these are drawn, not by horses or oxen, but by men and women penitents. Not even from these sorely-laden ones, however, does a murmur of complaint or even a sigh of weariness escape.

CHRIST ON THE CROSS.

What adds to the really extraordinary character of this procession is the fact that the leading personages, such as the royal Magi, the doctors and the lords of King Herod's court, talk to each other in the old Flemish tongue, which is even more guttural and barbaric than the modern tongue. The entry to Jerusalem is a curious scene. The children and townspeople about "Hosannah" and are followed by the twelve Apostles and by Jesus who is mounted on an ass. Nothing more mystical can be imagined than the emaciated, pale and refined countenance of the young man who represents our Lord, and whose head is covered with an Assyrian wig.

An onerous task is his, for he has pledged himself to maintain, during the entire course of the procession, his marble stillness and angelic serenity of countenance. During the latter scenes of Christ's life the emotion of the spectators is intense. Painful, indeed, is it to see him carrying the cross. The penitents, literally bent double beneath the weight of the massive instrument of torture, stagger along blindly. Three times he must fall, and each time the Roman soldiers, who escort him, throw themselves brutally on him and buffet him, the hornblowers meanwhile making a constant din, and thus emphasizing the cruelty of the soldier. Clearly in this scene is shown to us the popular madness which has seized upon the King of Kings as a victim. Jesus appears again in the scene of the Ascension. He is mounted on a cloud and harangues his disciples, always in the guttural old Flemish tongue.

A GRAPHIC FINALE.

Perhaps the most pathetic sight of all is that of the women who follow at the skirts of Christ as he staggers on his way to Calvary. White faced and dolorous are they, and at their head walks a maiden, bearing this old truth:—"To bear one's cross bravely is to give pleasure to God."

So the strange procession passes through the town and on to its goal, Saint Walburge. Into this solemn old building all the penitents enter, and only a few spectators follow them, for entrance is gained by special favour. Then they put down their heavy burdens and straighten their backs and rest awhile in utter weariness, after which they lay aside their penitential garb and on their swollen and bruised feet once more put shoes and stockings. The women decorously go off together into confessionals and obscure corners, and they and the men, after they have changed their attire, go toward the great altar and pray there for many minutes, their faces bathed in perspiration, their arms extended in the form of a cross.

This extraordinary ceremony has been celebrated for centuries in Furnes, and though the number of penitents who take part in it is not as great as it was a century ago, there is abundant evidence that those who do take part in it are sincere and earnest. It is a notable fact that many clergymen of the district are wholly opposed to the observance of the ceremony on the ground that it is barbarous, and is not in harmony with the modern ideas of the church. In this instance, however, their opposition has proved in a measure

futile against the force of popular tradition. Still there seems little reason to doubt that Mr. Furnes the old time belief in this tradition is gradually dying out, and there are those who believe that the ceremony which was celebrated a few days ago is the last that will be seen in the old Flemish town. If so, a most picturesque sight will have passed away forever.

STRONG ENGLISH WORDS.

WHEN a person says 'I suffered excruciating pain,' he expresses a fact in the strongest words afforded by the English language. The word 'excruciating' comes from *crux*, a cross, and signifies an intensity of agony comparable only to that endured by one who undergoes the barbarous punishment of crucifixion. There are some diseases which, for a time, cause pain of this acute and formidable nature. To find a relief for it, when possible, is at once the impulse of humanity and the studious desire of science. Two brief examples may indicate what success is attending the effort to both comfort and cure cases of this kind.

'Nearly all my life,' writes an intelligent woman, 'I have borne the burden of what appeared to be incurable illness. I always felt heavy, weary, and tired. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had a *cruel pain* at my chest and between the shoulders. Frequently the pain was so intense that I was impelled to loose my clothing and walk about the room. My nerves were disordered and irritable, and I was, consequently, easily frightened and upset. My sleep was habitually bad, and I seemed none the better for spending a night in bed. Eating but little my strength waned of necessity, and I came to be very weak. For a long time I got about feebly and with difficulty.'

'In August, 1887, I had an attack of rheumatic gout, which gave me the most harrowing experience of my life. The complaint took its usual course and refused to yield to the ordinary treatment. Through the partial failure of the liver and kidneys dropsy set in and my legs and feet became puffed and swollen. I suffered *excruciating pain* and was confined to my bed for *thirteen weeks*. Remedies of every description were tried but to little purpose.'

'My brother, visiting me one day, said he had been cured of an attack of dropsy by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Hewlett, chemist, in Seven Sisters' Road, and after taking it felt a trifle easier. I continued taking it, and soon the pain and swelling abated. I could eat without pain or inconvenience, and by a few weeks' further use of the Syrup I was not only free from any local ailment, but felt better than I ever did in my life before. Since then I have enjoyed continuous good health, taking a dose of Mother Seigel's Syrup occasionally for some transient indisposition. You are at liberty to publish my letter. (Signed) (MRS) ELIZABETH ROGERS, 42, Plevna Road, South Tottenham, London, September 13th, 1895.'

'In January, 1892,' writes another, 'I had an attack of influenza, and was confined to my bed for *eighteen weeks* thereafter. Subsequently I was very weak, and could get up no strength. What little food I forced down (having no appetite) gave me *excruciating pain*, so that I was afraid to eat. I came to be exceedingly weak and had frequent attacks of dizziness. I was worn almost to a skeleton, and none thought I would recover.'

'In June, 1892, Mr. Smith, a friend of ours, recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, which I at once procured of Mr. George Coombs, the chemist in Hucknall. After taking it for only one week I felt greatly benefited. I could eat better, and food agreed with me. Continuing with the Syrup I grew stronger and stronger, and soon felt even better than before I was attacked by the influenza. You are free to print this statement if you wish to do so. (Signed) (MRS) RUTH HALLIDAY, 44, High-street, Hucknall, Torkard, Nottingham, March 19th, 1895.'

Intense pain may or may not indicate urgent danger to life, but it is hard to bear, and very exhausting just the same. In cases of rheumatic gout (Mrs Rogers) the pain is caused by a poisonous acid in the tissues, originally produced by the decomposition of food in the stomach—indigestion or dyspepsia. The same poison acting on the liver and kidneys creates the other symptoms mentioned. In the case of Mrs Halliday the ailment was dyspepsia, which in the first place invited influenza, and then remained to torment her.

It is best and easiest to prevent pain by using Mother Seigel's Syrup immediately when the slightest illness appears.

To Cure Sore Throats

WOUNDS, BURNS, SORES, and all DISCHARGES, and the purifying drinking water, the "CONDY'S FLUID."

Brid by all Chemists. Book of directions on every bottle. Condy & Mitchell, of London, England, are the sole makers. Insist on buying "CONDY'S FLUID."

Use "Condy's Fluid."

"Why do you laugh at his stale jokes?" "If I did not laugh, he would think I did not understand the jokes, and would try to explain them."

JAMES SMITH & CO.

Beg to announce that, the **ADVANCE SHIPMENTS** of new Season's goods having arrived, they are now making their

First Show of 1896 Spring Fashions.

An inspection of these goods will prove to an observer that the new Season will be

REMARKABLE FOR STYLE AND BEAUTY.

In all Departments of **TE ARO HOUSE** the most charming novelties are displayed in profusion. The following notes will give customers some idea of a few of the leading fashions, and fuller particulars or patterns of any of the materials mentioned will be sent, with the greatest pleasure, to any address in the colony.

NEW MILLINERY.

COLOUR will be the leading characteristic of this season's millinery, the trimmings being exceptionally heavy and bright coloured. In some instances combinations of a most daring nature have been effected, and the result is very brilliant and striking.

WHITE HATS are very stylish, some with chip crowns and Manilla ruffled edge being especially so.

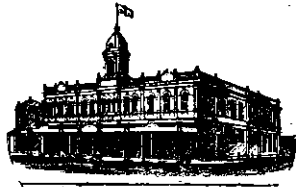
SAILOR HATS are still very much worn, the leading shape having the bee-feater crown, and being trimmed with a narrow velvet band.

SHOT STRAW SHAPES will be very popular, an immense variety of new shapes being shown.

For trimming, **FLOWERS** are displayed in the utmost profusion.

CHILDREN'S MILLINERY.

Two very large shipments, made up entirely of **CHILDREN'S SEASONABLE MILLINERY**, have already been received. Consequently **JAS. SMITH & CO.** are in a position to say that no other house in the colony, wholesale or retail, can show such an assortment of new, pretty, and stylish goods in this department. Some exquisite models of **CHILDREN'S LACE HATS** are exhibited, than which nothing lovelier has been imported. There are also the newest shapes and styles in **SUN HATS AND BONNETS, SILK HATS, PURITAN BONNETS, etc., etc.**, the whole making a perfectly unique display.



Te Aro House
WELLINGTON

NEW COSTUMES.

In this department there are several distinct novelties that are bound to become enormously popular. The latest material for the now universally worn **SHIRT OR BLOUSE** is a delightful **GRASS LAWN**, and an immense assortment is being shown. There are also **MUSLIN BLOUSES** in all shades and styles, **MORNING GOWNS** in Grass Lawn, Crepon, and Fancy Print, **SUMMER JACKETS, CAPES, and MANTLES** in the very latest modes, and a magnificent choice of **CHILDREN'S COSTUMES** in Holland, Crepon, etc., comprising quite the prettiest and most attractive lot ever shown in New Zealand. A special feature is made of the stock of

BICYCLING

COSTUMES

IN **GRASS LAWN, LINEN, ALPACCA, etc.**,
IN **CHARMING STYLES.**

NEW DRESSES.

Numerous and lovely are the new season's **DRESS MATERIALS**. Amongst the most striking of the new fabrics may be mentioned **RAVE and CHINE TWEEDS, FIGURED and SHOT MOHAIRS, SHOT LUSTRES and ALPACAS, SICILIAN CLOTHS, GOUPE and other FRENCH DRESSES**, while the range of **AMURE CLOTHS, CYCLING TWEEDS, etc., etc.**, is of the most varied and extensive nature. Special attention should be drawn to a line of **FRENCH ROBE DRESSES**, no two of which are alike. These are in new shades of the utmost refinement of taste, and are perhaps the most superior goods ever shown in the colony.

PATTERNS of all materials are now being despatched to the country customers of **TE ARO HOUSE**, and any lady desirous of obtaining a set may do so by applying by letter to

JAMES SMITH AND CO.

VARIOUS NOVELTIES.

The **SPRING SEASON OF 1896** promises to be most prolific of new ideas. Already there have been received numbers of dainty novelties which are certain to prove irresistibly tempting. Amongst them may be quoted the following few :-

SHADED CHIFFON RUCHES,
the most fashionable neck wear.

BUTTER SOUTACHE COLLARS,
the present London mode.

QUEEN ANNE CUFFS AND COLLARS,
sure to be extensively worn.

CHARLES REX CUFFS AND COLLARS,
exceedingly novel and effective.

SERQUIN TRIMMINGS, SERQUIN BELTS, WHITE KID BELTS, FANCY SILK BELTS, SILVER BELT CLASPS, NEW BUTTONS, and dozens of other novelties.

NEW PRINTS.

An extraordinary advance has been made this season in all manner of printed cotton goods. Some of the loveliest effects imaginable are obtained in materials costing only a few pence per yard. The most fashionable prints are in stripes, and by far the largest stock in the colony is held by

JAMES SMITH AND CO.

BLOCK STRIPED PRINTS in all shades are a distinct speciality, and a delightful choice is also offered of **BROCADED FANCY SATENS, HOLLAND PLISSE PRINTS, CREPONS, FIGURES, ZEPHYRS, etc., etc.** The very popular **TUCKERD LAWNS and NAINSOOK FROCKINGS** have also been received in large quantities, together with the new material, **GRASS LAWN**, which promises to be the rage of the season. As with the dress materials, **PATTERNS** of all prints are now being sent out, and may be obtained by any lady so desirous on an application being made to

TE ARO HOUSE.

THE FIRST SHOW OF THESE SPRING NOVELTIES

Is now being held, and customers at a distance are cordially invited to send for patterns or particulars of any goods required. A very extensive country business is done at **TE ARO HOUSE**, and the **COUNTRY ORDER DEPARTMENT** is thoroughly organised to attend to any favours which the firm may receive.

PARCELS are sent by Post, Rail, or Sea to all parts of the Colony, and where the Order is accompanied by Cash for the amount, carriage of goods is paid.

JAMES SMITH & CO.

TE ARO HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

TEN PUDDINGS OF A PINT EACH can be made out of ONE FOUND of good Corn Flour. The **BEST CORN FLOUR—BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT BRAND—** is a trifle dearer than ordinary Corn Flour, but the difference in price cannot be noticed when divided over ten puddings. The superiority in flavour and quality can be distinguished at once. BROWN AND POLSON have been making a speciality of Corn Flour for nearly 40 years. They guarantee what they sell. See that your grocer does not substitute some other make. Many articles are now offered as Corn Flour, usually without the maker's name, and sometimes bearing the name of the dealer instead, which can only bring discredit on the good name of Corn Flour.

STRATHMORE PRIVATE HOSPITAL
FOR DISEASES OF WOMEN
Is now open for the admission of patients.
For particulars apply to
THE MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT
STRATHMORE HOSPITAL,
CHRISTCHURCH.

We make a Specialty . . .

Of Finely Engraved

CARDS, CRESTS,

MONOGRAMS and

WEDDING INVITATIONS



H. BRETT, Graphic Office, Shortland Street, Auckland.

ASHBURN HALL, DUNEDIN.
LICENSED PRIVATE ASYLUM.

This establishment is specially designed and adapted for the care and treatment of persons mentally affected. It is under the control of a resident physician, and has a full staff of attendants and servants. It has been thirteen years in existence. The number of inmates is forty. Privacy, home comforts, association with small numbers, with much personal liberty, distinguishes it. Each inmate has a bed-room, and there is ample provision by means of separate buildings for classification of the patients, who receive careful individual attention. Charges: Two and three guineas a week.

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS
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BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES,

BUT IS HARMLESS TO ANIMALS.
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It is Unrivalled in destroying FLEAS, BUGS, COCKROACHES, BEETLES MOTHS in FURS, and every other species of insect. Sportsmen will find this invaluable for destroying fleas in the dogs, as also ladies for their pet dogs.
The PUBLIC are CAUTIONED that every package of the genuine powder bears the autograph of THOMAS KEATING; without this article offered is a fraud. Sold in Tins only.

CHILDREN SUFFER FROM WORMS,
CHILDREN SUFFER FROM WORMS,
CHILDREN SUFFER FROM WORMS,
CHILDREN SUFFER FROM WORMS,

which ruins their health. KEATING'S WORM TABLETS are PURELY VEGETABLE SWEETMEATS furnishing, both in appearance and taste, a most agreeable method of administering the only certain remedy for INTESTINAL or 'HIMAL' WORMS. It is a perfectly safe and mild preparation, and is especially adapted for Children. Sold in Tins by all Druggists.

Proprietor, THOMAS KEATING, London.

NORTH ISLAND, N.Z.

WELLINGTON BRANCH OFFICE

of the

'NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC,'

'AUCKLAND STAR,'

NEW ZEALAND FARMER.

13, CUSTOM-HOUSE QUAY NEAR G.P.O.

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M R J. I L O T T,
Managing Agent for North Island

HIGH-CLASS DRAPERY
OF ALL KINDS at

MILNE & CHOYCE

Lovely Goods are now being Shown
in all Departments.

**SPECIAL MILLINERY, MANTLES,
LACES, GLOVES, HOSIERY,
TEA CLOTHS, &c., &c.**

The very latest styles in SILK, WOOL, and COTTON DRESS and BLOUSE MATERIALS, the designs and combinations of colours this season being most exquisite.

Patterns and Prices are willingly sent to country customers. Carriage is paid on parcels of 20s. and upwards.

'CYCLING & GOLF COSTUMES

are specially catered for, the latest shapes and materials having been imported.

DRESS and MANTLE MAKING
are SPECIALTIES.

STYLE and FIT, at Moderate Rates, BEING GUARANTEED.

Self-Measurement Forms are sent, so obviating the necessity of being fitted.

Queen & Wellesley Sts., Auckland.

LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS.

MUCH prettier and infinitely more lady-like than the rather startling rose-coloured and cerise straws, that can only just be redeemed from vulgarity by being trimmed with black, are this season's mauve and violet plaitings. These are especially charming when smothered in sprays or beds of well-chosen blossoms, or becomingly veiled in tulle of the same tint as the *paillie*. The neat little toque which heads my 'New Parisian Models' (shapes that hail fresh from the centre of *chic* and elegance) is 'turned out' in rich violet rustic straw. This up-to-date ground-work is covered with quite a *parterre* of *mignonette*, mixed here and there with a velvet pansy matching the shade of the plaiting, while standing up from this flower-bed is one erect spray of the *reueda*. Fixed in rather slantingly at the back is a bow of violet silk, which might, if the wearer feels so inclined, be edged with a Lilliputian frill of lisse to match; for just now these dainty additions to a loop of ribbon are very much in favour, and remind one of another new mode, namely, that of bordering the latest wired and waved tulle hat frills with a narrow binding of black velvet. Besides the present rage for rough straws, there is also a great demand for ivory-tinted Leghorns, and corn and facelle-coloured panamas, that make up into such charmingly young-looking hats, and in-



MODELS

corn-coloured Panama straw trimmed with a large quantity of white tulle frilling, mixed very artistically with a bunch of wild roses of a faint pink, their prickly stems and delicate green foliage converting the nosegay into a very realistic one. Secured on the left side are some narrow loops of black velvet ribbon, stiffened to the required height, a 'cunning' little rosette of the same material nestling under the discreetly-bent brim. This year white and cream veils are not so indiscriminately worn as last season, it being now deemed better form to 'sport' black net in conjunction with a dark shape.

It is becoming quite a fashion for girls and very young matrons to wear black in the evening, and certainly there is nothing that so sets off a fair young face with fresh complexion of milk and roses, and so amongst Princess Maud's evening gowns there is a black one which manages most skilfully to preserve all the advantages of black while steering clear of its sombreness. It consisted of a black skirt, the bodice being of white satin covered with softly gathered white silk muslin, and this in turn draped with very fine black net with a trellis design in tiny black and steel sequins; this net also veiled the skirt.

The latest fashionable fad seems to be for those who possess bicycles—and who doesn't, amongst fashionable folk?—to have themselves and their machines photographed in all sorts of attitudes, standing by it, mounted, in the act of mounting, etc., but always with the machine occupying a place of honour in the picture! The custom is one which is not to be commended; for one thing, 'bicycles are like babies,' as a cynical man observed to me the other day, 'in that there is a good deal of sameness about them to everyone but their individual possessors,' and when one sees hundreds and hundreds of photographs of bicycles in circulars and in every illustrated paper and magazine, surely it becomes a trifle monotonous to have a photograph of a bicycle presented to us with each new photograph of a friend! Then again, bicycling costume, though neat and becoming in its place, is by no means the most becoming attire in which to be photographed; the hard, angular outlines which the figure assumes in the photograph, and the absence of all softening or fluffiness near the face gives a certain appearance of hardness to even the softest face. No, decidedly evening dress or some simple picturesque gown, and the more lace-frilled and softly-draped the better, is by far the most becoming for a photograph. I saw the other day one of the most attractive cycling frocks in dark blue linen, with white silk lapels and linen to the little Eton jacket and a white cambric front with crosswise bands of pale yellow insertion all down the front. There is a growing fashion amongst certain of the cycling fraternity or sisterhood to decorate their bicycles with bows and streamers of ribbon to match their gowns, but this, which is terribly out of place and lacking in taste, is not likely to become more general.

The new sacking, left in its natural string-coloured condition, is voted to be one of the most *chic* materials of the moment. Though, up till now, there are very few women who have adopted the rough and ready stuff for whole costumes; as the true-born *élégante* only utilises the coarse canvas, prettily belaced or embroidered in silks, as a trimming on richer materials. Speaking of the newest weavings, our summer foulards are to be daintier and more dollish than they ever were; and I glean that the latest pattern is a big black check on a white ground, tiny floral impressions figuring between the more conventional design. *En attendant* the wearing of these essentially summer silks, fine woollen goods, *glaces*, gros-grains, and alpacas reign supreme, the latter material being quite as much in vogue as twelve months ago. Here is a delightful 'Church Parade' gown in one



FOR CHURCH PARADE.

duce one to think of quaint old-time *chapeaux*. It was a certain French beauty who, about a year ago, introduced the fashion of broad leaf-like brims bent very decidedly over the back hair and over the brow. However, only on extremely moderate lines—such as is exemplified in my second shape—are these curves really becoming to the majority of faces, and it's probably for this very good reason that Lady Modus has banished this season the exaggeratedly drooping brim. This hat is built of

of the novel fancy *lainages*. This particular material has a biscuit-coloured foundation interwoven with a splash design of moss-green silk, and is used for the bodice and skirt, cut 'à la Princesse.' Over the robe, which would the figure to perfection, there is a biscuit-satin corselet, gathered slightly in front under russet lace rosettes that are repeated at the top of this overskirt. Bordering the draperies of *lainage*, which fall over the biscuit-satin sleeves and completing the corselet, is a trimming of moss-green velvet ribbon. There

is more lace and velvet introduced in a very original manner on the collar, which has a turn quite its own.

For artistic effect my last sketch will be found perfect. It consists of a most charming walking gown in place



FOR THE PROMENADE.

silk, in an apricot tone shot faintly with rose-pink. This shade is seen in so many of the Paris gowns this summer, and is marvellously becoming to blondes and brunettes alike. The bodice is daintily trimmed with chiffon. The fancy yoke and unique ornament on skirt may be carried out either in apricot satin or velvet.

HELOISE.

WORK COLUMN.

FIRE-PLACES FOR SUMMER.

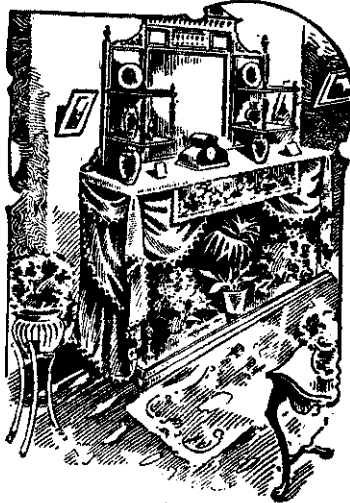
'HOME is not home when spring cleaning is going on,' remarked a man the other day in my hearing, and I don't wonder at it. I certainly am of the opinion that an overwhelming amount of spring cleaning is distinctly indicative of general laxity throughout the rest of the year; nevertheless a certain changing about of rooms, turning out cupboards and odd shelves, seeing thoroughly to out-of-the-way corners and 'high places,' which are a little apt to escape the dusting-broom of even the most careful, and a general application of soap and water is very salutary. I have a great liking for fresh curtains, fresh hangings, fresh sofa cushion coverings, when summer days put in their appearance. It may sound extravagant, but it is not. Thicker and richer material is required for winter, and which summer sunshine would soon render shabby and unfit for use; lighter kinds of fabrics are more suitable in hot weather, and light colours do not get so dirty when our gowns are not of such dark materials and there are no fires about. It freshens up rooms to treat them in this sort of way, and gives a sense of household vitality, which is not without its healthy mental effect—quite as important a matter is household hygiene.

I lately made the discovery that printed velveteen washes beautifully. I have had two sofa-cushion covers in shades of yellow, white and green, trimmed with deep yellow silk frills, put through the wash-tub with the greatest possible success. Another experiment was made with a silk brocade cushion-cover. It was of very fairly good material, having cost between six and seven shillings a yard, and this too washed perfectly.

And now a word about blinds. Do not listen always to the voice of the cleaner, clean he ever so well, we all know how his bill is capable of mounting up. Many people will tell you that blinds are quite useless after they have been washed. Now, quite recently I had five or six blinds, made of fine dark cream-coloured linen, in which are inserted wide strips of heavy guipure lace at the bottom, and a somewhat elaborately-knotted fringe, washed, and the result is remarkably good. But there is a hint to be given in this matter, and that is that a piece of any kind of calico, unbleached or otherwise, must be tacked firmly behind the insertion of guipure, which

prevents it stretching, and care must be exercised in taking the blinds off the rollers, so that the holes made by the tacks are not enlarged. The blind-cord and tassels wash equally well.

One of the most important things to consider is the fireplace decoration for the summer months. Modern fireplaces do not require so much thought at our hands, with their ornamental wooden sides and upper shelves,



FIREPLACE DECORATION.

pretty enough in themselves not to need the charitable drapery that covers so many architectural sins. As will be seen by my sketch, more drapery is introduced than would be safe were the fire burning in the grate. The colour of this must, of course, be one that will harmonise with the rest of the room, and below I advise greenery of any kind rather than flowers—these look their worst in a draught, and one of the best substitutes that can be found for growing plants are large boughs of laurels and such-like shrubs placed in blue and white Doulton pottery jars. If the water is changed for these every two days and a few drops of Condy put in they will keep for a long while, but are absolutely dangerous in a room if the water is allowed to stay for a week, and cases of illness have been known to arise from such neglect.

With regard to watering plants, when they stand away from the light, you should be careful not to over water them, for evaporation takes place slowly in a shady place, and the soil may turn sour and injury be done to the roots. They should all be taken from their position in the fireplace and thoroughly syringed on the balcony once a day, and, failing that, the scullery sink suits very well for the purpose.

DEFENCES AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

SUFFERERS from consumption are always present in the community. Numerous experiments have proved that the dust of cities, of many hospitals, and of houses where consumptive persons live, or have recently lived, as well as of public places in general, invariably contain the germs of consumption. It follows that with few exceptions every one directly encounters these seeds many times a year, or even many times a month.

Yet it is observed that the number of sufferers from consumption is relatively small, and the question may well be asked, 'Why do some and not others suffer?'

In the first place, the seeds of consumption germinate and grow with comparative slowness; and secondly, the resisting power of the human body constantly antagonizes their growth.

In every case of 'galloping consumption' the system is first undermined by some complicating disease; and when, for any reason, the vitality is lowered the disease may become engrafted.

The growth of the bacilli is so slow that even where they have 'taken root,' a person of ordinary strength, with carefulness, throws this dread disease entirely aside.

In fact, many persons contract this disease and throw it off without ever having been aware of it; as is repeatedly shown by *post mortem* examinations which reveal the healed scars in the lungs.

What is one to do, after a severe cold, a coughlingers and he grows pale and thin? Certainly not to become panic-stricken and quote the old adage regarding the incurability of consumption. Neither is he to regard his symptoms as worthy of no attention.

Let him consider, like a prudent general, how best to arrange his forces against the invading enemy. Let him take regularly the tonics of his attending physician; care for the stomach as the ally supplying the means of warfare; strengthen the chest by prescribed and gentle exercises; avoid extremes of fatigue and late hours; conserve the natural heat of the body by the wearing of some woollen texture next the skin, and by the use of thick-soled shoes, and the chances, he may be assured, will all be in favour of his permanent recovery.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 10 bottles Made in London—(Advt.)

QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Auckland,' and on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, 'Answer' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The rules for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC are requested to comply with them.

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—ED.

RULES.

NO. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.

NO. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.

NO. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

RECIPES.

FISH AU GRATIN.—Ingredients: The remains of any kind of fish, breadcrumbs, some chopped herbs, parsley, salt, pepper, some grated nutmeg, small pieces of butter, stock. Cut up the fish, sprinkle over the bottom of a shallow dish a mixture of the herbs, etc. Put in a thick, even layer of the fish, cover with breadcrumbs, and over this pour a little hot butter and a half cupful of stock. Bake in a fairly hot oven, with embers on the lid; serve with a lemon, or squeeze this over the gratin, and garnish with slices of lemon and parsley.

MUTTON CUTLETS.—These should be cut from the best end of a neck of mutton; trim them neatly, with a due proportion of fat and lean; add egg and bread-crumbs them, and have ready a very hot frying-pan, in which a bit of butter has been melted. Fry of a golden brown, and as each cutlet takes colour lay them gently in a stewpan; put in the frying-pan a pinch of flour, salt, and pepper; add a cupful of hot water, and boil up; strain through a wire gauze sieve, pour into the stewpan, and simmer for at least an hour; lay the cutlets on a hot dish, skim the gravy, and pour round.

PLAIN CABINET PUDDING.—Butter a plain round mould, then fill it with alternate layers of raisins, bread and butter without crust, and a little grated nutmeg. Make a pint of new milk hot, and mix with it too well-beaten eggs. Sweeten and flavour it to taste, and pour it over the bread and raisins in the mould. Let it soak for half an hour, then put a plate on the top of the mould, and steam the pudding for an hour. Serve with or without sauce as liked.

YEAST.—The amount required for 7lbs of flour is four tablespoonfuls. First mix two dessertspoonfuls of salt with 7lb of flour very well, then mix four tablespoonfuls of yeast with one pint of lukewarm water (not hot); make a hole with your hand in the middle of the flour, but do not let it touch the bottom of the pan. Pour the water and the yeast into this hole, and stir with a spoon until you have made a thin batter; sprinkle this over with flour; cover the pan over with a dry cloth, and let it stand in a warm room for an hour (not near the fire, except the weather is cold); then add a pint of water a little warm, and knead the whole well together till the dough comes quite clean through your hand (some flour may require a little more water, but that will soon be learnt by experience); leave it again for a quarter of an hour, then bake. It need not be mixed overnight.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

A DULLED pen can be improved by heating it in the gas jet.

Clean piano keys with a soft rag dipped in alcohol.

A little petroleum added to the water with which waxed or polished floors are washed improves their looks.

Cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere—(Advt.)

A NEW STIMULANT.

THIS is a drug called theobromine. It is said to act favourably in cases of palpitation and flatulence of a nervous character. Mr L. V. West tells us that he administered it to a patient suffering thus without her knowledge, and that the theobromine removed the palpitation and 'pains in the heart' and had a marked influence on digestion. Theobromine is the active principle of good cocoa, and we are told it is not like caffeine, a cumulative drug; that it has not the exciting qualities of caffeine—the active principle of coffee—and that it may be taken for a long time without injurious effects, and is invaluable in heart disease. Well, I have to bid my readers beware of it unless prescribed by a doctor. That murderous drug, hydrate of chloral, which led so many people to insanity and death, was cracked up in a similar way.

SIR JOHN POWER AND SON, Distillers, Dublin. Established A.D. 1791. Special Pot Still Whiskey. Perfect purity ensured. The fine flavour and delicacy of this whiskey is well known to the trade and consumers. Protected by guarantees of the Government and the Distillers, and being in all cases shipped direct from Distillery Warehouse. Cases, Octaves and Quarters.—EHRENFRIED BROS., Agents, Auckland. (Advt.)



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin can do so, and write letters to 'COUSIN KATE,' care of the Lady Editor, GRAPHIC Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post office as follows:—Not exceeding 4oz. 3d; not exceeding 4oz. 1d; for every additional 2oz or fractional part thereof, 3d. It is well for correspondents to be marked 'Commercial papers only.'

THE GRAPHIC' COUSINS' COT FUND.

THIS fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the GRAPHIC cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food, and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Shortland-street, or collecting cards will be sent on application.

COT FUND.

Per Cousin Paerau and Cousin Riu = 8s.

Per Cousin Agnes:—B. Battle, 2s 6d; Mrs T. L. Murray, 2s; M. A. Davies, 1s; Miss T. Richmond, 1s; Miss M. Richmond, 1s; Willie Carrick, 1s; Mrs P. M. Knight, 1s; Mrs Harry R. Dewsbury, 1s; Mrs W. Gittos, 1s; Mrs John White, 1s; = 12s 6d.

Carried forward, £12 14s 6d. Add 8s and 12s 6d = £13 15s.

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I have been engaged in writing this letter for almost a week, but unfortunately I seemed quite unable to get beyond biting the end of my pen, or decorating the paper with a series of designs, artistic and otherwise. And now that I have started there is simply nothing to write about, unless I fall back upon that evergreen topic—the weather, which is at present delightfully windy. Since I last wrote I have become a subscriber to a magazine called the *Weka* which is presented to the public, or rather a small and select assembly of members, once every month. Hilda holds the responsible position of editress, and Florrie writes the Literary and Dramatic Notes. I was given charge of the 'They Say' column, the consequence being that particular column is now no more, for I soon discovered that people say or do very little worth recording. The *Weka* has, I think, fifteen contributors, including a special artist, who sends funny sketches, and a War Correspondent, who in times of peace writes poetry, and very nice poetry too. I trust this letter will escape the eye of the editress, for I understand the rules, which I have never seen, declare that 'the existence of the magazine is to be strictly secret,' and that being the case, my position is far from enviable.—LILLA.

I am printing your letter, dear Cousin Lilla, and upon your own head be the consequences of your rash betrayal of editorial confidence. Quite between ourselves, could you not let me have a peep at *The Weka*? Is it a weekly publication? I hope the editor will not—as you say—see this, for you might find it difficult to obtain a copy for me. Dear me! nothing to write about! Yet you get up every day and go to bed every day, and walk out every day, and go to parties sometimes, and sometimes to tennis, see people and hear people talk, and look at your garden, and note the spring seeds either coming up or refusing to do so for want of water, and buy some new music, and read a new book, etc. oh! I am out of breath! *Au revoir*, and think over this list.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—I am afraid you think there are a good many of us boy cousins like Cousin Zachariah, who find it difficult to know what to write about. I have not even that excuse, for I had something to write about and ought to have done it long ago. It is a plan of ours to try whether we could help the Cot Fund a little without actually asking for money. We thought it would be a good idea to have a 'Cot Box,' and directly it was mentioned one kind friend made us such a very pretty box, while another friend painted and varnished it, and put on it in pretty gilt letters, 'N. Z. GRAPHIC Cousins' Cot.' We then put it in a place where we think it is sure to be noticed, and cut out the heading you have on the Children's Page and pasted it up over it. I tried to

make a sketch of it so that you might see what it was like, but could not do it well at all. I like funny pictures best, but I am doing first grade freehand now, and hope I shall get on better with straight lines. We are sorry for poor little Florrie and her brother. How good the girl cousins have been in helping, and how very kind of you and Mrs Thompson to give those who could come such a pleasant time! What a number of letters in our last GRAPHIC (October 10th), some of them so very interesting, too.—YOUR loving COUSIN PAERAU.

P.S.—We unlocked the 'Cot Box' this evening and found there was 5s 7d in it. A kind friend who was standing by added 2s 6d. Riu and I are very pleased to have 8s to send. We put the odd penny back. We will open it again after Christmas, when we hope to have a larger sum, as there will be more people about at shearing time.—COUSIN PAERAU.

[How very good you all are to the Cot Fund, dear Cousin Paerau! Many thanks, indeed, to you and Riu for sending the 8s. It was very kind of that friend to add the 2s 6d, and extremely wise of you to put the odd penny back for a nest egg. Your two letters are very nice indeed. You see I put the latter one as a postscript. Your idea of the Cot Fund Box is really excellent, and your sketch gives me a capital picture of it. The heads you send are nicely done. I am so glad you are learning free hand. What book are you using? If you were only near the Technical School in Auckland it would just suit you. Persevere with your drawing, for I am sure you will get on. Be sure you learn perspective; it is such a help, and very interesting. Have you got any birds' eggs this year? any new pets? anything new in the garden? Cousin Jack brought a little pup home from Sunday-school yesterday. We don't want to keep it, for it already seems full of mischief. I hope to hear when I go home to-night that it has eaten its string and taken French leave of us.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—You will think I am very rude not answering your kind letter before this, but I have had so little to tell you. Let me thank you very much for adding me to your list. I went to a juvenile ball last month; it was very enjoyable, and last Thursday my sisters Lillian and Belle and I went to the Star Football Social, where three cups and a banner were presented; that also was nice. How good you were to answer Nell's letter after returning from a ball! I am sure I should not feel very much inclined to start writing after a ball. In our flower garden, which is large, we have such lovely pungas, ti-trees, toi-toi, and flax bushes; they look so graceful. Anything mamma puts in the garden grows so beautifully. I have a lot of kidney ferns growing in baskets, and also Prince of Wales ferns. If you were nearer I would give you some. The Prince of Wales were brought all the way from Mount Egmont, so they are especially rare. I am so glad little Florrie is getting better.—With love from COUSIN MAUD.

P.S.—Chris is away, and when he returns I will ask him to become a cousin. I enclose six stamps for a badge.

[You seem to have been quite festive lately, Cousin Maud, with so many balls. I understand that the Star Football Social was a very charming dance. I have just come back from the first picnic of the season, and feel very burnt and generally disgraced. We got one dear little maidenhair fern, but none of the beauties you mention. There is a pretty punga in our garden, but I confess to a wish for closer proximity to you to accept your kind offer of kidney fern and Prince of Wales. I did not know the latter grew in New Zealand. As regards the former, I was coaxed up to one of the high points of the ranges one baking day to get some kidney fern. I was new to Auckland ways, and was not aware that the fern in question never had grown up there! I am sending you a badge, and hope you will successfully coax Chris into becoming a cousin. I think your garden must look very graceful with so much vegetation of the fern order in it. Your mother must have a genius for gardening. I wonder what her secret is? My mother is also very fond of looking after her flowers.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Really you must think I am a nice cousin for not writing for over two months, and especially when I am supposed to be a good correspondent. Most certainly in this case I have not proved so lately, but I am going to turn over a new leaf and write regularly from now. There is going to be a grand Floral fête held in the Recreation Grounds on the 9th November. We are looking forward to it with great pleasure. You and the cousins must have had a jolly day at Cousin Gwen's, and I did wish that I lived nearer so that I could have joined you. Do you still intend to print the list of cousins, or are you waiting for more to join? I was much surprised when I saw that poor little Florrie is ill again, and also very sorry. Is her little brother getting better? I must close now, dear Cousin Kate, as I am coming to the end of the paper. With love to all the cousins, I remain your loving COUSIN BELLE. Paketara.

[It is very curious, dear Cousin Belle, what an objection we all have to taking another piece of paper and continuing our letters. I myself often close an answer to one of you very abruptly just because I am at the foot

of the page, and if I take a fresh sheet I must fasten it somehow to the first one for fear it should be tacked on to another answer, because I often have (as at this moment) several cousins' letters before me, and there is always the risk of the replies getting mixed. I generally write close to the end of my paper, my calligraphy getting 'beautifully small and gradually less.' That quotation is not right, but I am so sleepy I cannot turn it out of my brain cupboard to-night. I hope you will write me an account of your grand Floral Fête. Are you going to decorate anything? Ours comes off at the end of November. I will telephone up to the Hospital about little Florrie and her brother before we go to press.—COUSIN KATE.]

DEAR COUSIN KATE.—Thank you for your nice letter. How good of you to write after having been to a ball! Thank you for saying I write nicely. I told mother, and she said I must try to improve more and more. I went to two juvenile balls, one last year, and the year before I went as a china doll and live. I am sorry to tell you my poor dog Banquo was kicked by one of the colts and had to be shot. I passed my exam, and am now in the Third Standard. I love the stories and poetry in my reader. I do so like 'Lucy Gray.' I did not feel so afraid of the Inspector this time. I am sorry poor little Florrie is back, and hope she will soon be better. I hope you are quite well, dear Cousin Kate, and all the cousins.—COUSIN NELLY.

[I am sorry, dear Cousin Nelly, about poor Banquo. Did you give him a grand funeral? That used to be our only solace when our pets died. Indeed, I gave a little bird decent burial only last week. I must congratulate you on your success at school, and wish you the same next year. I never liked 'Lucy Gray,' though I really cannot tell why. Are you going as a flower to the Floral Fête? Would not a pink daisy look pretty? It should have a green bodice, and long pink petals hanging down from the waist, wreath of daisies in the hair, and carry a stick entwined with daisies.—COUSIN KATE.]

OUR COT.

I HAVE just heard from the Hospital that Cousin Florrie is much about the same, which is not a very satisfactory report, I am afraid. Little Johnnie was to have gone home last Saturday. He is better, but was kept a week longer, and leaves next Sunday.

Some of the cousins have begun collecting again, so as to make it an annual affair. This is a very good idea, for many people will willingly give a shilling a year if some cousin calls for it. Will those cousins who have still their first cards make an effort to get them full before Christmas? Then we can close our year with a very bright record indeed. Those new cousins who have only had their cards a month or two need not hurry. Cousin Agnes has filled four cards this year by steady work, and has applied for a fifth. Good for her, is it not?

THE GRAPHIC COUSINHOOD.

BY request a list of those cousins who have at any time written to the Children's Page will be published. Some of them have left off writing entirely, and, indeed, were never very energetic correspondents. On the other hand there are many who have been very faithful to the cousinhood and are quite delightfully dear friends of Cousin Kate and of each other.

1893 to 1896:—Mollie, Wilbert, Elsie, Jack N.C., Sophy, Jean (Wellington), May Nosten, Lance R., Jack Hidden, Mary B., Nellie (Featherston), Gladys (Featherston), Gwendoline E. (Wairarapa), E.B. (Blenheim), Willie Lock, Johnnie Lock, J. Hinson, Willie Major, Rosey, Shockey, Dolly Major, Gerald (Blenheim), Alice (Waikato), Thos. H. Blank, Jeremiah H., Ethel (Wellington), Reggie Cottle, Harry L. Thornley, Charlie, Harry Cleever (Hastings), Ellie Coburg (Dunedin) the goat's owner, Percy Robb, Inez Blake, William L. Robb, W. H. Tartary, Ellen S. (Cambridge), Margaret McLean (Waipukau), M.A.P. (Masterton), May Ashdown (Opunake), Alfred (Tuakau), Kate Johnson, Herbert Johnson, Lisa (Dunedin), George (Nelson), Paerau (Moawhango), Vin (Auckland), Daisy H. (Auckland), Tom Wilson, Stanley (Wellington), Muriel (Blenheim), Nellie (Kaukapakapa), Lavinia (Auckland), Lily (Tuapau), T.A.C. (Patea), Ruby (Auckland), Stella, Winnie Ashley, Rose, Charlie (Newton), Ella S. F. Gill, Maude (Nelson), Frank (Parnell), Ivy (Auckland), Lena (Auckland), Willie A. Oldham (Tuakau), Amy (Blenheim), Louie (Picton), Julia, Emma (Taupiri), Minnie (Hawke's Bay), Elsie (Waipukurau), Jessie (Ponsonby Road).

(To be continued.)

CONTENTMENT.

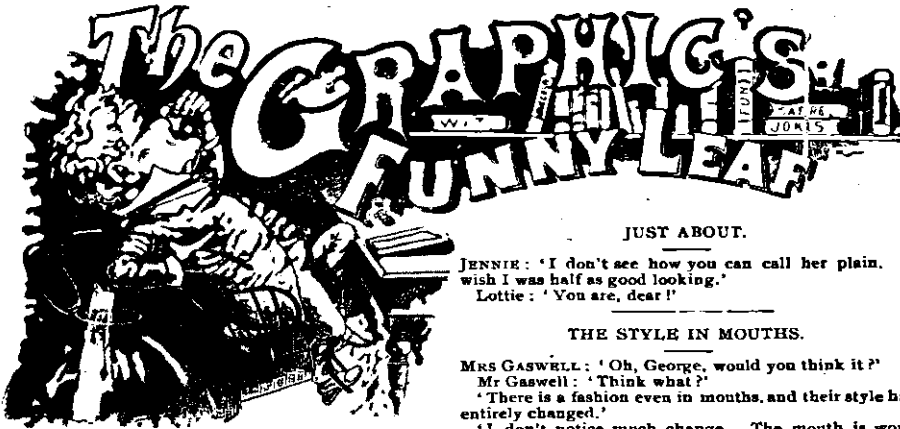
I'm glad I am a little girl,
And have the afternoons for play,
For if I was a busy bee
I s'pose I'd have to work all day.

And if I was an owl I'd be
Afraid to keep awake all night;
And if I was an elephant
How could I learn to be polite?

And if I was the Jersey calf
I might forget my name and age,
And if I was a little dog
I couldn't read the Children's Page.

My sakes! When I begin to count
It makes my head go all a-whirl,
There are so many reasons why
I'm glad I am a little girl.

ANNA M. PRATT.



IN THESE BICYCLE DAYS.

Tom, tom, the piper's son,
He stole a wheel, and away he run;
But a copper fleet,
Young Tom could beat
And they locked him up in Chokey-street.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Took an axe and smashed her bike,
So she had to stay at home at night.

Hey-diddle-diddle,
The bicycle riddle,
The strangest part of the deal;
Just keep your accounts,
And add the amounts;
The 'sundries' cost more than the wheel.

There was a man in our town
As wise as were our sires;
He ran across a piece of glass,
And punctured both his tires;
And when he saw the air was out,
With all his might and main
He took his little nickel pump
And pushed it in again.

Ding-dong bell,
There's the man who fell.
Who knocked him down?
The meanest man in town.
Who called the 'cop'?
The man who saw him drop.
What a wicked man was that,
To try to kill the cyclist fat,
Who never did him any wrong,
But kept a pedalling right along.

WHY HE BROKE DOWN.

ANDREWS: 'Too bad about Billings, wasn't it?'
DAVIS: 'What's happened to him?'
ANDREWS: 'He's looney.'
DAVIS: 'You don't tell me! What's the cause of it?'
ANDREWS: 'He came home after twelve o'clock the other night, and his wife let him in without an unkind word. The shock was too much for him.'

HE WOULD TRY IT.

MR GLIBB: 'Have you ever been to the Huka Fall?'
MR GABB: 'No.'
'Then you ought to go. I took my wife to see the Huka Fall last week. It was the first time she had seen that mighty cataract, and she was struck speechless with admiration and surprise.'
'She was struck speechless, did you say?'
'Yes.'
'I'll take my wife next week.'



THE EARLY WORM.

AMICUS: 'What are you doing?'
POET: 'Writing a poem on "Autumn."'
AMICUS: 'But it isn't autumn yet.'
POET: 'No, but it will be before the poem is accepted.'

JUST ABOUT.

JENNIE: 'I don't see how you can call her plain. I wish I was half as good looking.'
Lottie: 'You are, dear!'

THE STYLE IN MOUTHS.

MRS GASWELL: 'Oh, George, would you think it?'
Mr Gaswell: 'Think what?'
'There is a fashion even in mouths, and their style has entirely changed.'
'I don't notice much change. The mouth is worn open most of the time, just as usual, as far as I can see, with perhaps a wider orifice while this election campaign is on.'

PHILOSOPHY.

MR GRIGSBY: 'My dear, do you think it's quite right for Lucy to go so much with that wild young Mr Stivers?'
Mrs Grigsby: 'There's no cause for any worry. Lucy is more than four years old. Let me tell you, though, you should say something to Tom about that Dingleberry girl.'
Mr Grigsby: 'But, my dear, Tom is more than four years old.'
Mrs Grigsby: 'Tush! No man is more than four years old, where a designing girl is concerned.'



IN A FREE COUNTRY.

'Just as we arrived,' said the constable, 'the prisoner and some more of his gang were trying to drop Sergeant McGobb through the sewer manhole.'
'Sure,' said Mike, 'I didn't know there was any law against droppin' a copper in the slot.'

Ambitious Musician: 'I have fame at last in my grasp.' 'Howso?' 'You know Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" helped amazingly in making his fame.' 'Well; what of it?' 'I am going to write a divorce march.'

'Did you get a nice change and rest at the resort, Bulkey?' 'No; my daughter got most of my change and my wife got the rest.'

Some time ago an Eastern paper printed this apology:—'In our last issue a biography of Newton was said to have contained this:—"Yes, the immortal Newton lived just like other men." It should have read "the immortal Newton."'

'It's strange but true,' says the philosopher, 'that a man will spurn the best advice when it's offered gratis and will follow the poorest when he's charged for it.'

Violet: 'I never had such a streak of luck. He fell in love in Rome, proposed in Naples, and bought the ring in London.' Daisy: 'Did your luck end there?' Violet: 'Oh, no. Coming over on the steamer he won enough from papa for us to get married on.'

Bixby (very near sighted): 'Who's that dumpy fright coming up the road on the wheel?' Sixby: 'That's my wife.' Bixby: 'Er—ah, no, I don't mean that one; I mean the guy with the horrid, stupid rationals.' Sixby: 'Oh, that's your wife.'

Mrs Creegan: 'And how is Tommy getting along at the school?' Mrs Shaughnessy: 'Splendid. The teacher is that fond of him that she kapes him wid her half an hour after the other boys goes home nearly every day of the wake.'

A well-known Dublin journalist tells the following anecdote:—'One night as a messenger from the office of an evening paper was passing along the quays on the banks of the Liffey, he heard the sound of someone struggling in the water. "Are you drowning?" he shouted. "I am," replied the feeble voice from the water. "What a pity!" said the lad consolingly. "You are just too late for the last edition to-night; but cheer up, you'll have a nice little paragraph all to yourself in the morning!"'

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

FIRST MAN (on horseback): 'Did you go to the hanging bee this afternoon?'
SECOND MAN (on horseback): 'No; was it much of a time?'
'No; nothin' extry. Just as they were goin' to hang the feller somebody laughed, an' that made him mad, so he said he'd lick the man what laughed in three minutes, if they'd let him loose. The Sheriff let him loose, an' he licked the feller an' then licked the Sheriff, an' while the fellers went across the street to git a drink he stole a boss an' got away.'



SHE DREW THE LINE AT HIM.

HE: 'Ah, now you're fishing!'
SHE: 'Oh, no! I never fish with worms.'
(Then she took her hook.)

AND GETS HIM.

SOME folks look out for number one;
That all may be quite true,
But when it is a widow, she
Looks out for number two.

MAMMA IS RIGHT ABOUT IT.

JUDGE BENDERLY: 'How is it, Miss Chaffie, that you do not dance with any but elderly gentlemen?'
Miss Chaffie: 'Mamma says that young men don't believe in matrimony, while old gentlemen are much more susceptible and are better fixed financially.'

RESEMBLES BOTH.

'How old is your baby, ma'am?'
'Just ten month.'
'Does she walk?'
'Once in a while she staggers a few steps, sir.'
'Hem, takes after her father. Can she talk?'
'She jabbars all the time, sir.'
'Hem, takes after her mother.'

A TIMELY EXPLANATION.

PRINGLE: 'I can't get my wife to ride a wheel. She has so much modesty.'
Stubbs: 'That's false.'
Pringle (wildly): 'What's false?'
Stubbs: 'Her modesty.'

A BOLD YOUNG MAN.

SHE: 'I have some very positive convictions. I mean it when I set my face against anything I dislike.'
HE: 'Perhaps you wouldn't mind experimenting with my moustache.'



THE YOUNG IDEA!

TOM (to his sister): 'I say, Kitty, if you give me half your cake, I'll spoil the piano; that you won't be able to practise for a fortnight.'